A

COLLECTION

OF ORIGINAL

POEMS,

TRANSLATIONS, and IMITATIONS,

BY

Mr. PRIOR, Mr. ROWE, Dr. SWIFT,

And other Eminent Hands.

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THE Miller's Tale, FROM CHAUCER.

To N. Rowe Esq;

WHILOM in *Oxford*, an old *Chuff* did dwell,
A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell.
Who by his Craft had heap'd up many (a hoard,
And furnish'd Strangers both with Bed and Board.

With him a Scholar lodg'd, of ſlender means,
But notable for Sciences and Senſe.
Yet, tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind
Was moſtly to *Aſtrology* inclin'd.
A Lad in *Divination* skill'd and ſhrewd,
Who by Interrogations could conclude,
If Men ſhould ask him at what certain Hours
The droughty Earth would gape for cooling (Show'rs,
When it ſhould Rain, or Snow, what ſhould befall
Of Fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.

This learned *Clerk* had got a mighty Fame
For Modeſty, and NICHOLAS his Name.
Subtle he was, well taught in CUPID's Trade,
But ſeem'd as Meek, and Baſhful as a Maid.
A Chamber in this Hoſtelry he kept,
Alone he ſtudy'd, and alone he ſlept.

With

With ſweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was
(dreſt,
But He was ten times ſweeter than the beſt.

His Books of various ſize, or great, or ſmall,
His *Augrim* Stones to caſt accounts withal;
His *Aſtrolabe* and *Almagiſt* * apart,
With Twenty more hard Names of cunning Art;
On ſeveral Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,
And the Preſs cover'd with a folding Red.
Above an Inſtrument of Muſic lay,
On which ſweet melody he us'd to play;
So wond'rous ſweet, that all the Chamber rung,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* † he ſung,
Then would he Chaunt in good King DAVID'S
(Note,
Full often bleſſed was his merry Throat.

---

* The Name of a Book of *Aſtronomy*, written by *Ptolemy*.
† The Angels Salutation to the Virgin *Mary*.

And thus the *Clerk* in Books and Muſic ſpent
His Time, and Exhibitions yearly rent.

This *Carpenter* had a new married Wife,
Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life.
The buxom Laſs had twice Nine Summers ſeen,
And her brisk Blood ran high in ev'ry vein.
The Dotard, jealous of ſo ripe an Age,
Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a Bird in Cage.
For ſhe was Wild, and in her lovely Prime;
But He poor Man! walk'd down the *Hill of Time.*
He knew the Temper of a Youthful Spouſe,
And oft was ſeen to rub his aking Brows.
He knew his own weak ſide, and dreamt in Bed
She had, or would, be planting on his Head.
He knew not CATO, for his Wit was rude;
That Men ſhould Wed with their ſimilitude.
Like ſhould with Like in Love and Years ingage,
For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age.*

Hence

Hence Jealouſies create a Nuptial War,
And the warm Seaſons with the frigid Jar.
But when the Trap's once down, he muſt endure
His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure.*
Perhaps his Father and a hundred more
Of honeſt Chriſtians, were thus ſerv'd before:
Fair was his charming Conſort, and withall
Slender her Waſte, and like a *Weaſel*'s ſmall.
She had a Girdle barred all with Silk,
And a clean Apron, white as Morrow Milk.
White was her Smock, embroider'd all before
Which on her Loins in many Plaits ſhe wore.
Broad was her ſilken Fillet, ſet full high,
And oft ſhe twinkled with a Liquoriſh Eye
Her Brows were arched like a bended *Bow*,
Like *Marble* ſmooth, and blacker than a *Sloe*,
She ſofter far than *Wool*, or fleecy *Snow*.

Were you to ſearch the Univerſal round,
So gay a Wench was never to be found.
With greater brightneſs did her Colour ſhine,
Than a new *Noble* of the freſheſt Coin.
Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Note,
No *Swallow* on a Barn had ſuch a Throat.
To this ſhe skipp'd and caper'd, like a *Lamb*,
Or *Kid*, or *Calf*, when they purſue their Dam.
Sweet as *Metheglin* was her *Honey* Lip,
Or hoard of *Apples* which in *Hay* are kept.
Wincing ſhe was, as is a jolly *Colt*,
Long as a Maſt, and upright as a Bolt:
Above her Ancles laced was her Shoe,
She was a *Primroſe*, and a *Pigſnye* too.
And fit to lig by any Chriſtian's ſide,
Or a Lord's Miſtreſs, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now,

Now, *Sir*, what think you, how the Caſe befell?
This NICHOLAS, (for I the Truth will tell;)
Was a mere Wag, and on a certain Day,
When the Good Man, the Husband, was away,
Began to ſport and wanton with his Dame,
(For *Clerks* are ſly, and very full of Game)
And privily he caught her by *That ſame*.
My Lemman * Dear (quoth he) I'm all on fire,
And periſh, if you grant not my deſire.
He claſpt her round, and held her faſt, and cry'd
O let me, let me— never be deny'd:
At this ſhe wreath'd her Head and ſprung aloof,
Like a young friſking *Colt*, whoſe tender hoof
Ne're felt the Farrier's hand, and never knew
The Virgin Burden of an Iron Shoe.

---

* Miſtreſs.

Fye NICHOLAS, away your hands, quoth ſhe,
Is this your breeding, and Civility?
Foh! Idle Sot! what means th' unmanner'd (Clown)
To teize me thus, and toſs me up and down?
I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the Town.
You're rude, and will you not be anſwer'd, No?
I will not kiſs you--prithee, let me go.

Here NICHOLAS, a young, deſigning Knave;
Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.
So fair he ſpoke, and importun'd ſo faſt,
This ſeeming modeſt Spouſe conſents at laſt.
By Good St. THOMAS * ſwore, her uſual Oath,
That ſhe would meet his Love-- tho' mighty loath.
'If you, ſaid ſhe, convenient leiſure wait;
'(You know my Husband has a jealous Pate.

---

* St. Thomas Becket.

I will requite you; for if once the Beaſt
Should chance to find us out, and ſmell the Jeſt,
I muſt be a Dead Woman at the leaſt.

Let that, quoth NICHOLAS, ne're vex your head
He muſt be a meer learned Aſs indeed,
And very fooliſhly beſets his Wile,
Who cannot a dull *Carpenter* beguile.
And thus they were accorded, thus they ſwore
To wait the Time, as I have ſaid before.
And now, when NICHOLAS had wore away
The pleaſant time, in harmleſs Amorous play.
To his melodious *Pſaltery* he flew,
Play'd Tunes of Love, by which his Paſſion grew,
Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu.*
It happen'd thus, I cannot rightly tell,
If it on *Eaſter* or on *Whitſon* fell;
That on a Holyday, this modeſt Dame
To Church, with other honeſt Neighbours came:

In a good Fit to hear the Parſon preach
What the Divine Apoſtles us'd to teach.
Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer's Day
Shone half ſo clear, ſo tempting, and ſo gay.

Now to this Pariſh did a *Clerk* belong,
Who many a time had rais'd a Holy Song.
His Name was ABSALON, a ſilly Man,
Who curl'd hisHair, which ſtrutted like a Fan.
And from his jolly, pert, and empty head
In Golden Ringlets on his Shoulders ſpread.
His face was Red, his Eyes as Grey as *Gooſe*,
With St. PAULS windows figur'd on his Shoes.
Full properly he walk'd in Scarlet Hoſe,
But light, and Silver colour'd were his Cloths,
And Surplice white as bloſſoms on the *Roſe*.
Thick Poynts and Taſſels did the Coxcomb pleaſe,
And fetouſly they dangled on his knees.

He could let Blood, and ſhave your Beard or Head,
But a mere *Barber Surgeon* by his Trade.
Nay, he could Write and Read, and that is more,
Than Twenty Pariſh Clerks could do before.
Nay, he could write a Bond, and learnt from *France*,
In Thirty motions how to Trip, and Dance.
Could friſk and toſs his twirling Legs in Air,
Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.
Songs would he Play, and not to hide his Wit
Would ſqueak a *Treble* to his ſquawling *Kit*;
His Dreſs was finical, his Muſic queer,
And pleas'd a Tapſter's Eyes or Drawer's Ear.
No Tavern, Brew-houſe, Ale-houſe in the Town
Was to the gentle ABSALON unknown:
But he was very careful of his Wind,
And never let it ſally out behind;
To give the *Devil* his due, he had an Art
By civil Speech to win a Lady's Heart.

This ABSALON, ſo jolly, ſpruce and gay,
Went with the *Cenſer* on the Sabbath Day.
He ſwung the Incenſe Pot with Comly Grace,
But chiefly would he Fume a Pretty Face.

His wanton Eye, which every where he caſt,
Dwelt on the *Carpenter*'s fine *Dame* at laſt.
So ſweet and proper was his lovely Wife
That he could freely gaze away his Life.
Were he a *Cat*, this pretty *Mouſe* would feel
Too ſoon his Talons, a delicious Meal.

And now had CUPID ſhot a piercing Dart,
As wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.
No offering of the handſom Wives he took,
He wanted nothing but a ſmiling look,
The Pariſh Fees refus'd, and ſaid, the Light
Of the fair Moon ſhines brighteſt in the Night.

Soon

Soon as the *Cock* had bid the Morning riſe,
The ſmitten Lover to his *Fiddle* flies.
A hideous Noiſe his ſqueaking *Trillos* make
And all the drowſy Neighbourhood awake.
At the lov'd Houſe ſome Amorous Tunes he play'd,
And thus with gentle Voice he ſung, or ſaid.
Now, dear Lady, if thy Will be,
I pray you that you will pity me.
And Twenty ſuch complaining Notes he ſung,
Alike the Muſic of his *Kit*, and Tongue.
At this the ſtaring *Carpenter* awoke,
And thus his Wife, fair ALISON, beſpoke.
Art Thou aſleep, or art Thou deaf, my Dear?
And cannot ABSALON at window hear?
How with his Serenade he charms us all,
Chanting melodiouſly beneath our Wall?
Yes, yes, I hear him, ALISON reply'd,
Too well, God wot; and then ſhe turn'd aſide.

Thus

Thus went Affairs, till ABSALON alaſs!
Was a loſt Creature, a mere whining *Aſs*.
All Night he wakes, and ſighs, and wears away
On his broad Locks and Dreſs, the live-long Day.
To ſuch a height his doating fondneſs grew
To kiſs the ground, and wipe her very Shoe.
Where're ſhe went, he like a Slave purſu'd
With ſpiced *Ale*, and ſweet *Metheglin* woo'd.
All Dainties he could rap and rend, he got,
And ſent her *Tarts* and *Cuſtards* piping hot.
He ſpar'd no Coſt for an expenſive Treat,
Of *Mead* and *Cyder*, and all ſorts of Meat.
Throbbing he ſings with his lamenting Throat,
And rivals *Philomela*'s mournful Note.
With Rigour ſome, and ſome with gentle Arts
Have found a paſſage to Young Ladies Hearts:
Some Wealth has won, and ſome have had the Lot
To fall inamour'd of a Treating Sot.

Some-

Sometimes he *Scaramouched* it on high
And *Harlequin'd* it with Activity.
Betrays the lightneſs of his Empty Head,
And how he could cut Capers in a Bed.
But neither this nor that the Damſel move,
For NICHOLAS has ſwept the Stakes of Love.
The *Pariſh Clerk* has nothing met but Scorn,
And may go Fiddle now, or blow his Horn.
Thus gentle ABSALON is made her Ape,
And all his Paſſion turn'd into a Jape.
For NICHOLAS is always in her Eye:
True, ſays the Proverb, that the *Nigh are Sly.*
A diſtant Love may diſappointment find,
For out of Sight is ever *out of Mind.*
The Scholar was at hand, as I have told,
And gave the Pariſh Clerk *the Dog to hold.*

Now

Now NICHOLAS thy craft and cunning try,
That ABSALON may *De Profundis* cry.

Now when this Carpenter was call'd away
To Work at *Oſney*, on a certain day;
The ſubtle Scholar, and his wanton Spouſe
Were decently contriving for his Brows:
Agreed, that NICHOLAS ſhould ſhape a wile,
Her addle-pated Husband to beguile.
And, if ſo be the game ſucceeded right,
She then would ſleep within his Arms all Night.
For both were in this one Deſire concern'd,
Alike they Suffer'd, and alike they Burn'd.
Strait a new Thought leapt croſs the Scholar's head
Who at that inſtant to his Chamber fled.
But to relieve his Thirſt and Hunger bore
Of Meat and Liquor a ſubſtantial ſtore,
And victual'd it for one long Day or more.

ALCE, ſhou'd your Husband ask for Us (quoth he)
Reply in ſcorn, what's NICHOLAS to me?
Am I his Keeper? help your ſilly Head!
Perhaps the Man is Mad, aſleep, or dead.
My Maid indeed has thump'd this hour or more,
And knock'd, as if ſhe'd thunder down the Door.
But He, a moaping Drone, no Anſwer gave,
Faſt as a Church, and ſilent as the Grave.

Thus did one *Saturday* entire conſume,
Since NICHOLAS had lock'd him in his Room.
Nor was he Idle; for no *Lent* he kept,
But eat, like other Men, and drank and ſlept.
Did what he liſt, till the next Sun was new,
And went to reſt, as common Mortals do.

This Carpenter was in a grievous pain
Leſt NICHOLAS ſhould over work his Brain;
By Study loſe his Reaſon or his Life——
Well, by St. THOMAS, I don't like it, Wife.

The World we live in is a tickliſh place,
And ſudden Death has often ſtopt our Race.
I ſaw a Corpſe, as to the Church it paſt,
And the poor Man at work but *Monday* laſt.
Run, DICK, quoth he, run ſpeedily up Stairs,
Thump at the Door, and ſee how ſtand affairs.
Up ſtrait he runs, like any Tempeſt flies,
And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries
Hoh! Maſter NICHOLAS, what mean you thus
To ſleep all Night and Day; and frighten Us?
He might as well have whiſtl'd to the Wind,
As from good NICHOLAS an anſwer find.
At laſt he ſpy'd a hole; full low, and deep,
Where uſually the Cat was wont to creep;
Here was diſcover'd to his wondring ſight,
The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,
As if intent upon the Stars and Moon:
And down runs He, to tell his Maſter ſoon,

In what array he ſaw this Studious Man:
The *Carpenter* to croſs himſelf began.
And cry'd, St. FRIDESWIDE, help us one and all!
Little we know what fate ſhall us befall.
This Man with his Aſtronomy is got
Into ſome Frenzy, and ſtark Mad, God wot.
This comes of poring on his cunning Books,
Of his Moon-ſnuffing, and Star-peeping Looks.
Why ſhould a ſilly Earth-born Mortal pry
On Heav'n, and ſearch the Secrets of the Sky?
Well fare thoſe Men, who no more Learning need
Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Prayer and Creed,
Scholars ſufficient, if they can but Read!
Thus far'd a Sage Philoſopher * of Old,
Who walking out, as 'tis in Story told

---

* Thales.

Was ſo much with Aſtronomy bewitch'd,
That his Star-gazing Clerk-ſhip was *beditch'd*.
Ill Luck attends the Man, who looks too high,
And can a Star, but not a Marlpit ſpy.
But, by St. THOMAS, this ſhall never paſs;
Too well I love this gentle NICHOLAS.
I'll ferret him, unleſs the Devil's in it,
From his brown fit of Study in a Minute.

ROBIN, let's try if that an Iron Pur
And your ſtrong back can make this Scholar ſtir.
Now ROBIN was a Lad of brawn and bones,
And by the haſp heav'd up the Door at once,
Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful ſound,
As would a Man, like you or me, aſtound.
But NICHOLAS, did nothing do but ſtare;
And like a Statue gape upon the Air.

This *Carpenter* was in a piteous fear,
Becauſe he did not, or he would not hear.
Thought ſome deep *Melancholy* had impair'd
His Brain, and that of Mercy he deſpair'd,
For which the Student in his Arms he took
With might and main, and by the Shoulders ſhook.
Cry'd, NICHOLAS, awake! what? not a Word?
Look down, deſpair not-- think upon the LORD!
Then the Night-Spell he mumbled to himſelf,
Bleſs Thee from Fiends, and every wicked Elf!
He croſt the Threſhold, where a Devil might creep,
And each ſmall Hole, thro' which an Imp might (peep.
With ſolemn *Pater Noſters* bleſt the Door,
And *Ave Marys* after and before.
At this the *Clerk* ſent forth a heavy ſigh,
With Tears, and woful tone began to cry——
And ſhall this World be loſt ſo ſoon? Ah! why?

What

What do I hear? the Carpenter reply'd,
What say'ſt Thou, NICH'LAS? ſure Thou art beſide
Thy ſelf: Serve GOD, as we poor Lab'rers do,
And then no harm, nor danger will enſue.
Ah! Friend, quoth NICHOLAS, you little think
What I can Tell; but firſt let's have ſome Drink.
Then, my dear Hoſt, Thou ſhalt in private learn
Some certain things, which Thee and Me concern.
It ſhall no Mortal but your ſelf avail;
Then fetch a *Wincheſter* of mighty Ale.
And now when both had drank an equal ſhare,
Cries NICHOLAS, ſit down, and draw your Chair.
But firſt, ſweet Landlord, you muſt take an Oath,
To no Man living to betray the Troth.
For, truſt me, what I'm going to relate
Is *Revelation*, and as ſure as Fate.
And if you tell, this Vengeance will enſue,
No Hare in *March*, will be ſo Mad as You.

Nay,

Nay, quoth mine Hoſt, I am no Blab, not I,
And hang me, if you catch me in a Lye.
I would not tell, tho' 'twere to ſave my Life,
To Chick or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife.

Now, JOHN, quoth NICHOLAS, I will not hide
What by my Art I have of late deſcry'd;
How, as I por'd upon fair CYNTHIA's Light,
Should fall, on *Monday* next, at Quarter Night,
A Rain, ſo ſudden and ſo long to boot,
That NOAH's Flood was but a Spoonful to't.
This World within the Compaſs of an hour
Shall all be drown'd, ſo hideous is the ſhower,
As will the Cattle, and Mankind devour.
Cries then this ſilly Man, Alas, my Wife!
My boſom-comfort, and my better Life!
And muſt She drown, and periſh with the reſt?
My ALISON, the darling of my Breaſt?

At this well nigh he ſwoon'd, o'erwhelm'd with (grief,
Fetch'd a deep ſigh, And is there no Relief;
No Remedy, he cry'd, no ſuccour left?
Are we alas! of every Hope bereft?
No, by no means, quoth this deſigning Clerk,
Be of good heart, and by Inſtruction Work.
For if by NICHOLAS you will be led,
And build no Caſtles in your own wild Head,
None ſo ſecure: for SOLOMON ſays true,
Work all by Councel, and you cannot rue.
If you'l be govern'd, and be rul'd by me,
I'll undertake to ſave Thy Wife and Thee.
By my own Art againſt the Flood prevail,
And make no uſe of either Maſt or Sail.
Have you not heard, how, when the World was (naught,
NOAH by Heavenly Inſpiration taught ——

(Ay, ay, quoth JOHN, I've in my Bible found
That once upon a time the World was drown'd.)
Haſt thou not heard how NOAH was concern'd
For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn'd.
Till he had built and furniſh'd out a Bark,
And lodg'd her with her Children in the Ark.
Now Expedition, is the Soul and Life
Of Buſineſs; if you love your Self or Wife,
Run, Fly--- for in this Caſe it is a Crime
To loyter, or to loſe an Inch of Time.
For ALISON, your ſelf, and me provide
Three kneading Troughs, to Sail upon the Tide.
But take moſt ſpecial care, that they be large,
In which a Man may ſwim, as in a Barge.
Let them be victuall'd well, and ſee you lay
Sufficient ſtores againſt a rainy Day.
Enough to ſerve You twenty hours, and more,
For then the Flood will ſwage, and not before.

But one thing let me whiſper in your Ear,
Let not thy ſturdy Servant ROBIN hear,
Nor bonny GILLIAN know what I relate;
I muſt not utter the Decrees of Fate.
Ask me not Reaſons why I cannot ſave
Your truſty Serving-Maid, and honeſt Knave.
Suffice it thee; unleſs Thy Wits be mad,
To have as great a Grace, as NOAH had.
Do you make haſte, and mind the grand Affair;
To ſave your Wife ſhall be my proper care.
But when theſe kneading Tubs are ready made
Which may ſecure us, when the Floods invade;
See, that you hang them in the roof full high,
That none our Providential Plot deſcry.
And when Thou haſt convey'd ſufficient ſtore
Of Meats and Drink, as I have ſaid before,
And put a ſharpned Ax in every Boat,
To cut the Cord, and ſet us all afloat;

Then thro' the *Gable* of the Houſe, which lies
Above the Stable, and the Garden ſpies,
Break out a hole, ſo very large and wide,
Thro' which our Tubs may Sail upon the Tide.

Then wilt thou ſo much Mirth and Pleaſure take
In ſwimming, as the white Duck and the Drake.
Then will I cry, Hoh! ALISON, and JOHN,
Be merry, for the Flood will paſs anon.
Then wilt Thou anſwer, Maſter NICHOLAY,
Good morrow, for I ſee it is broad Day.
Then ſhall we reign, as Emperors for Life,
O'er all the World, like NOAH, and his Wife.
But one thing I almoſt forgot to tell
Which now comes in my head,(and mark me well)
That on that very Night we go aboard,
All muſt be huſh'd, and whiſper not a word.
But all the time employ our holy mind
In earneſt Prayers; For thus has Heav'n injoyn'd.

You and your Wife muſt take a ſeparate place,
Nor is there any Sin in ſuch a Caſe.
To morrow Night, when Men are faſt aſleep,
We to our Kneading Tubs will ſlyly creep.
There will we ſit, each in his Ship apart,
And wait the Deluge with a patient heart.
Go now; I have no longer time to ſpare
In Sermoning, uſe Expeditious care.
Your apprehenſion needs no more advice:
One ſingle Word's ſufficient for the Wiſe.
And none, Dear Landlord, can your Wit inform;
Go, ſave our Lives from this impending ſtorm.
Away hies JOHN, with melancholy look,
And ſigh'd, and groan'd, at every ſtep he took.
To ALISON he does his fate deplore,
And tells a Secret which ſhe knew before.

But yet ſhe trembl'd, like an *Aſpin* leaf,
And ſeem'd to periſh with diſſembled grief.
Crying, Alas! What ſhall I do?-- begone--
Help us to 'ſcape, or we are all undone.
I am thy true and very wedded Wife,
Go, dear, dear Spouſe, and help to ſave my Life.

What ſtrong impreſſions does Affection give?
By fancy Men have often ceas'd to live.
Howe're abſurd things in themſelves appear,
Weak Minds are apt to credit, what they fear.

This ſilly Carpenter is almoſt *Wood*,
And thinks of nothing elſe, but NOAH's Flood.
Believes he ſees it, and begins to quake,
And all for ALISON, his Hony's ſake.
He's over-run with Sorrows and with fear,
And ſends forth many a Groan, and many a Tear.

A Kneading Trough, a Tub, and * Kemeling
He gets by Stealth, and ſends them to his Inn.
He makes Three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,
And privately he hangs them in the Roof.
But firſt he victual'd them, both Trough, and Tub,
With Bread and Cheſe, and Bottles fill'd with (mighty Bub.
Enough o'Conſcience to relieve their Faſt,
And be ſufficient for a Day's Repaſt.

But e're this Preparation had been made,
He ſent to LONDON both his Man and Maid,
On certain matters, which concern'd his Trade.

And now came on the fatal *Monday* Night,
Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle light.
And when all things in readineſs were ſet,
Theſe Three their Ladders take, and up they get.

* Brewer's Veſſel.

Now *Pater-Noſter*, * *clum*, ſaid ALISON,
And *clum*, quoth NICHOLAS, and *clum*, quoth JOHN.
This Carpenter his *Oriſons* did ſay,
For Men in fear are very apt to pray.
Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour
This unaccountable, and diſmal Shower.

And now at † *Curfew* time, dead Sleep began
To fall upon this eaſy, ſimple Man.
Who, after ſo much care and buſineſs paſt,
And ſpent with ſad concern, was quickly faſt.

---

* A Note of Silence.

† *Curfew*, WILLIAM the *Conqueror*, in the firſt Year of his Reign, commanded that in every Town and Village a Bell ſhould be rung every Night, at Eight of the Clock, and that all People ſhould then put out their Fire and Candle and go to Bed. The Ringing of this Bell, was called *Curfew*, that is, Cover Fire.

Soft down the Ladder ſtole this Loving Pair,
Good NICHOLAS, and ALISON the Fair;
Then without ſpeaking to the Bed they creep
Of JOHN, poor Cuckold! who was faſt aſleep.
There all the Night they revel, ſport, and toy,
And act the merry Scene of Amorous Joy;
Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ſing,
And the fat Fryars in the Chancel ſing.

The Pariſh Clerk, this Amorous ABSALON,
Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,
At *Oſney* happen'd with a Jovial Crew
To ſpend the *Monday*, as they us'd to do;
There pulls a certain Fryar by the Sleeve,
With Pardon begg'd, and Father, By your leave,
When ſaw you JOHN the Carpenter, he cries,
Laſt *Saturday*, the *Cloiſterer* replies,
Since when I have not ſeen him with theſe Eyes;

Perhaps

Perhaps Abroad he's playing faſt and looſe ;
Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Uſe,
And lodges at the *Graunge* a Day or two,
Or elſe at Home—— I know no more than you.

This made NAB's boiling Blood with Pleaſure (ſtart,
The News rejoyc'd the Cockles of his Heart.
Now is my time, thinks he ; the Moon is bright,
Nor care I, if I travel all the Night ;
For at his Door, ſince Day began to ſpring,
I've ſeen, like him, no kind of Man or thing.

It is reſolv'd ; to ALISON I'll go,
When the firſt Morning Cock begins to crow;
And to her Window privately repair,
Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care.
I'll open all my Breaſt, and eaſe my Heart,
For 'tis too much to bear Love's ſtinging Smart.

Some little Comfort ſure I ſhall not miſs,
At leaſt ſhe'll grant the Favour of a Kiſs;
My Mouth has itch'd all Day, from whence it ſeems
That I ſhall kiſs: Beſides my pleaſant Dreams
Of Feaſts and Banquets, whence a Man may gueſs
That I may haply meet with ſome ſucceſs:
But for an Hour or two before I go,
I'll firſt refreſh me with a Nap, or ſo.

Now the firſt Cock had wak'd from his Repoſe
The jolly ABSALON, and up he roſe.
But firſt he dreſſes finical and gay,
And looks like any *Beau*, at Church or Play,
And brisk as Bridegroom on a Wedding Day.
Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,
And waſh'd with Roſe-water, looks freſh and fair;
Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,
Whiſper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harangu'd.

Sweet ALISON, *my Hony-comb, my Dear,*
My Bird, my Cinamon, your Lover hear.
Awake, and ſpeak one Word before I part,
But one kind Word, the Balſam to my Heart.
Little you think alas! the mighty Woe,
Which for the Love of Thee I undergo.
For Thee I ſwelter, and for Thee I ſweat,
And mourn as Lamb-kins for the Mother's Teat.
Nor falſe my Grief, nor does the Turtle Dove
Lament more truly, or more truly love.
I cannot eat nor drink, and all for Thee ——
Get from my Window, you *Jack Fool*, ſaid ſhe;
I love another of a different Hew
From ſuch a ſilly Dunder-head as you.
If you ſtand talking at that fooliſh Rate,
My Chamber-pot ſhall be about your Pate.
Begone you empty Sot, and let me Sleep ——
At this poor ABSALON began to weep,

And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore,
Was ever faithful Love thus ſerv'd before?
Since then, my Sweet, *what I deſire 'sin vain,*
Let me bnt one ſmall Boon, a Kiſs, obtain.
And will you then be gone, nor loyter here,
Quoth ALISON? *Ay certainly, my Dear!*
Make ready then —— Now, NICHOLAS, lye ſtill,
'Tis ſuch a Jeſt that you ſhall laugh you fill.

Raviſh'd with Joy, NAB fell upon his Knees,
The happieſt Man alive in all Degrees;
In Silent Raptures he began to cry,
No Lord in Europe *is ſo bleſt as I.*
I may expect more Favours; for a Kiſs
Is an aſſurance of a further Bliſs.
The Window now unclaſp'd, with ſlender-Voice,
Cries ALISON, be quick, and make no Noiſe;

I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,
For they're made up of Jealouſy and Fear.

Then ſilken Handkerchief from Pocket came,
To wipe his Mouth full clean to kiſs the Dame.
Dark was the Night, as any Cole or Pitch,
When at the Window ſhe clapt out her Breech.
The *Pariſh Clerk* ne're doubted what to do,
But ask'd no Queſtions, and in haſt fell to.
On her blind Side full ſavourly he preſt
A loving Kiſs, e'er he ſmelt out the Jeſt.
A back he ſtarts, for he knew well enough,
That Women's Lips are ſmooth, but theſe were (rough.
What have I done, quoth he? and rav'd and ſtar'd,
Ah me! I've kiſt a Woman with a Beard.
He curſt the Hour, and rail'd againſt the Stars,
That he was born to kiſs my Lady's ——

* *Tehee*, ſhe cry'd, and clapt the Window cloſe,
While ABSALON with Grief and Anger goes
To meditate Revenge; and to requite
The foul Affront, he would not ſleep that Night.
And now with Duſt, with Sand, with Straw, (with Chips,
He ſcrubs and rubs the Kiſſes from his Lips.
Oft would he ſay, *alas! O baſeſt Evil!*
Than met with this Diſgace ſo damn'd uncivil,
I *rather had went headlong to the Devil.*
To kiſs a Woman's ——— *? oh! it cant't be born!*
But by my Soul I'll be aveng'd by Morn.

Hot Love, the Proverb ſays, *grows quickly cool*,
And ABSALON's no more an Am'rous Fool:
For ſince his Purpoſe was ſo fouly croſt,
He gains his Quiet, tho his Love is loſt:

---

* A Note of Laughter.

And, cur'd of his Diſtemper, can defy
All whining Coxcomb's with a ſcornful Eye:
But for meer Anger, as he paſs'd the Street,
He wept, as does a School-boy, when he's beat.
In a ſoft, doleful Pace at laſt he came
To an old *Vulcan*, JARVIS was his Name;
Who late and early at the Forge turmoyl'd,
In hammering Iron Bars, and Plough-ſhares, toil'd.
Hither repair'd, by One or Two a Clock,
Poor ABSALON, and gave an eaſy knock.
Who's there that knocks ſo late, Sir JARVIS cries?
'Tis I, the penſive ABSALON replies,
Open the Door. What ABSALON, quoth He?
The Pariſh Clerk. *Ah! Benedicite.*
Where haſt thou been? ſome pretty Girl, I wot,
Has led you out ſo late upon the trot.
Some merry meeting on the Wenching ſcore,
You know my Meaning,——but I'll ſay no more.

This

This ABSALON another Diſtaff drew,
And had more Towe to ſpin than JARVIS knew:
He minded not a *Bean* of all he ſaid,
For other Things employ'd his careful Head.
At laſt he Silence breaks, *Dear Friend*, he cries,
Lend's that hot Pur, which in the Chimney lies;
I have occaſion for't, no Queſtions ask,
To bring it back again ſhall be my Task.

With all my Heart, quoth JARVIS, were it (Gold
Or ſplendid Nobles in a Purſe untold,
With all my Heart, as I'm an honeſt *Smith*,
I'll lend it Thee; but what wilt do therewith?
For that, quoth ABSALON, nor care, nor ſorrow,
I'll give a good Account of it to Morrow.

Then up the Culter in his Hand he caught,
Tripp'd out with ſilent Pace, and wicked Thought

Red-hot it was, as any burning coal,
With which to JOHN the Carpenter's he ſtole.
There firſt he cough'd, and as his uſual wont,
Up to the Window came, and tapp'd upon't.
Who's there, quoth ALISON? ſome Midnight (Rook,
Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging look.
Ah! God forbid, quoth this diſſembling Elf,
'Tis ABSALON, my Life! my better ſelf!
A rich Gold Ring I've to my Darling brought,
By a known Graver exquiſitely wrought.
Beſide, a Poſie, moſt divinely writ
By a fam'd Poet, and notorious Wit.
My Mother gave it me ('tis wond'rous fine)
She clapp'd it on my Finger, I on thine,
If thou wilt deign the favour of a Kiſs ——
Now NICHOLAS by chance roſe up to Piſs,

Thinking to better, and improve the jeſt,
He ſhould ſalute his Breech, before the reſt.
With eager haſte, and ſecret joy he went,
And his Poſteriors out at Window ſent.
Here ABSALON, the Wag, with ſubtle Tone
Whiſpers, my Love! my Soul! my ALISON!
Speak, my ſweet Bird, I know not where thou (art—
At this the Scholar let a rouzing Fart.
So loud the Noiſe, as frightful was the ſtroke,
As Thunder, when it ſplits the ſturdy Oak.
The Clerk was ready, and with hearty guſt
The red hot Iron in his Buttocks thruſt.
Streight off the Skin, like ſhrivel'd Parchment, (ſlew,
His Breech as raw as Saint BARTHOLOMEW.
The Culter had ſo ſing'd his hinder part,
He thought he ſhould have dy'd for very ſmart.

In a mad fit about the room he ran,
Help, Water, Water, for a dying Man.

The Carpenter, as one beſides his Wits,
Starts at the dreadful ſound, and up he gets.
The Name of Water rouz'd him from his ſleep,
He rubb'd his Eye-lids, and began to peep.
Alas! thought he, now comes the fatal hour,
And from the Clouds does NOAH's *Deluge* pour.
Up then he ſits, and without more ado
He takes his Ax, and ſmites the Cord in two.
Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheeſe, and (all
And JOHN himſelf had a confounded fall.
Dropp'd from the Roof upon the Floar, aſtun'd
He lies, as Dead, and ſwims upon dry Ground.

Then NICHOLAS, to play the Counterfeit,
With ALISON, cries *Murder* in the Street.

In came the Neighbours pouring, like the (Tide,
To know the reaſon why was *Murder* cry'd.
There they beheld poor JOHN, a gaſping Man,
Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan.
Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm,
But ſtand it out he muſt to his own harm.
For when he aim'd to ſpeak in his defence,
They bore him down, and baffl'd all his Senſe.
They told the People that the Man was Wood,
And dream't of nothing elſe, but NOAH's *Flood*.
His heated fancy of this *Deluge* rung,
That to the Roof three kneading Troughs he (hung.

With

With which in danger he deſign'd to ſwim,
And we, forſooth, muſt carry on the whim:
He begg'd, and pray'd, and ſo we humour'd him.

At hearing this, the ſneering Neighbours gave
An univerſal ſhout, and hideous Laugh.
Now on the Roof, and now on JOHN they gape,
And all his Earneſt turn into a jape.
He ſwore againſt the Scholar and his Wife,
And never look'd ſo fooliſh in his Life.
Whate're he ſpeaks, the People never mind,
His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.
Thus all conſent to ſcoff each ſerious Word,
And JOHN remain'd a Cuckold on Record.

Thus

Thus Doors of Braſs, and Bars of Steel are vai
And watchful Jealouſie, and carking Pain
Is fruitleſs all, when a good-natur'd Spouſe
Deſigns Preferment for her Husband's Brows.
Thus ALISON her Cuckold does defye,
And ABSALON has kiſs'd her nether Eye;
While NICHOLAS is ſcalded in the Breech,
My Tale is done, God ſave us all, and each!

FINIS.

TWO

IMITATIONS

OF

CHAUCER.

VIZ.

I. *SUSANNAH* and the Two *ELDERS.*

II. Earl *ROBERT*'s Mice.

By *MATTHEW PRIOR*, Esq;

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XII.

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LONDON:

A WILLIAM BROOKE Esq:

Esq: ROBERT WICE

AND

THOMAS ELDERS

OF

CHANCERY.

TO

MEDITATIONS

LVO

SUSANNAH and the Two ELDERS,

IN

Imitation of *CHAUCER*.

By Mr. PRIOR.

FAIR SUSAN did her Wifehode (Well maintaine,
Algates assaulted sore by Leachers (tWaine:
Now, an' I reade aryghte that auncient (Song,
The Paramours Were Olde, the Dame (Was Yong.

Had thilke same Tale in other guise (bene tolde,
Had they been Yong (pardie) and she bene (Olde,
Sweet Jesu! that had bene much sorer (Tyale;
Full Marvaillous, I Wot, Were such (Devyale!

SUSANNAH and the TWO ELDERS

Attempted in a

MODERN STILE.

WHEN Fair SUSANNAH in a cool retreat
Of ſhady Arbours ſhun'd the Sultry heat
Two wanton Lechers to her Garden came,
And, ruſhing furious, ſeiz'd the trembling Dame
What Female Strength could do, her Arms perform
And guarded well the Fort they ſtrove to Storm
The Story's ancient, and, if rightly told,
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers Old.

Had the Reverſe been true, had Authors Sung
How that the Dame was *Old*, the Lovers *Young*.
If She had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
With tempting Youth and Vigour on their ſide,
Lord! How the Story would have ſhock'd my
(*Creed*
For that had been a Miracle indeed.

Ear

Earl *ROBERT*'s

MICE.

THere A Mice, full Blythe and Amicable,
Batten beside Earl ROBERT's Table.
Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,
Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch.
Their fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;
Feast like as Heart of Mouse could Wish.
As Guests sat Jovial at the Board,
Forth leap'd the Mice: Eftsoons the Lord
Of BOLING, Whilome JOHN the SAINT,
Who maketh oft Propose full Quaint;
Laugh'd Jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
To MATTHEW seated on the other side;

To

To thee lean Bard it doth pertain
To understand these Creatures Twain,
Come frame us now some clean Device,
Or pleasant Rhyme on yonder Mice.
They seem, God shield me, MAT. and
(CHARLES,
Bad as Sir Topaz * or Squire Quarles.
MATTHEW did for the nonce Reply,
At Emblem or Device am I,
But could I Chant or Rhyme pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as Thee,
Ne Verse from me, so God me shrive,
On Mouse or any Beast alive.
Certes I have these many Days,
Sent mine Poetic Herd to graze.
Ne Armed Knight ydred in War,
With Lyon fierce Will I compare.
Ne judge unjust, With furred Fox;
Harming in Secret Guise the Flocks.
Ne Priest unworthy Godes Coat,
To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat.

---

* A sort of Ballad Rhymes so call'd by CHAUCER.

Elk Simile farewell for aye,
From Elephant I trow to Flea.
Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene
MATTHEW is angred in the Spleen.
Ne so, quoth MATT. ne shall be er'e,
With Wit that falleth all so fair.
Eftsoons Well Weet ye mine Intent,
Boweth to your Commaundement.
If by these Creatures ye have seen,
Portrayed CHARLES and MATTHEW
(been:
Behoveth neet to rack my Brain,
The rest in Order to explain.
That Cupboard Where the Mice disport,
I liken to St. * STEPHEN's Court:
Therein is Space enough I trow,
For elke Comrade to come and goe.
And therein eke may both be fed,
With Shiver from the Wheaten Bread.
And Whenas these Mine Eyen survey,
They cease to Skip, and Squeak and
(Play;

* Exchequer.

Return

Return they may to different Cells,
AUDITING Due, whilſt t'other TELLS.
Dear ROBERT, quoth the SAINT, Whoſe
(Mind
In Bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this Matter Well made out.
Laugh I, Whilſt thus I ſerious Pray,
Let that be done Which MATT. doth ſay;
Yea, quoth the EARL, but not to Day.

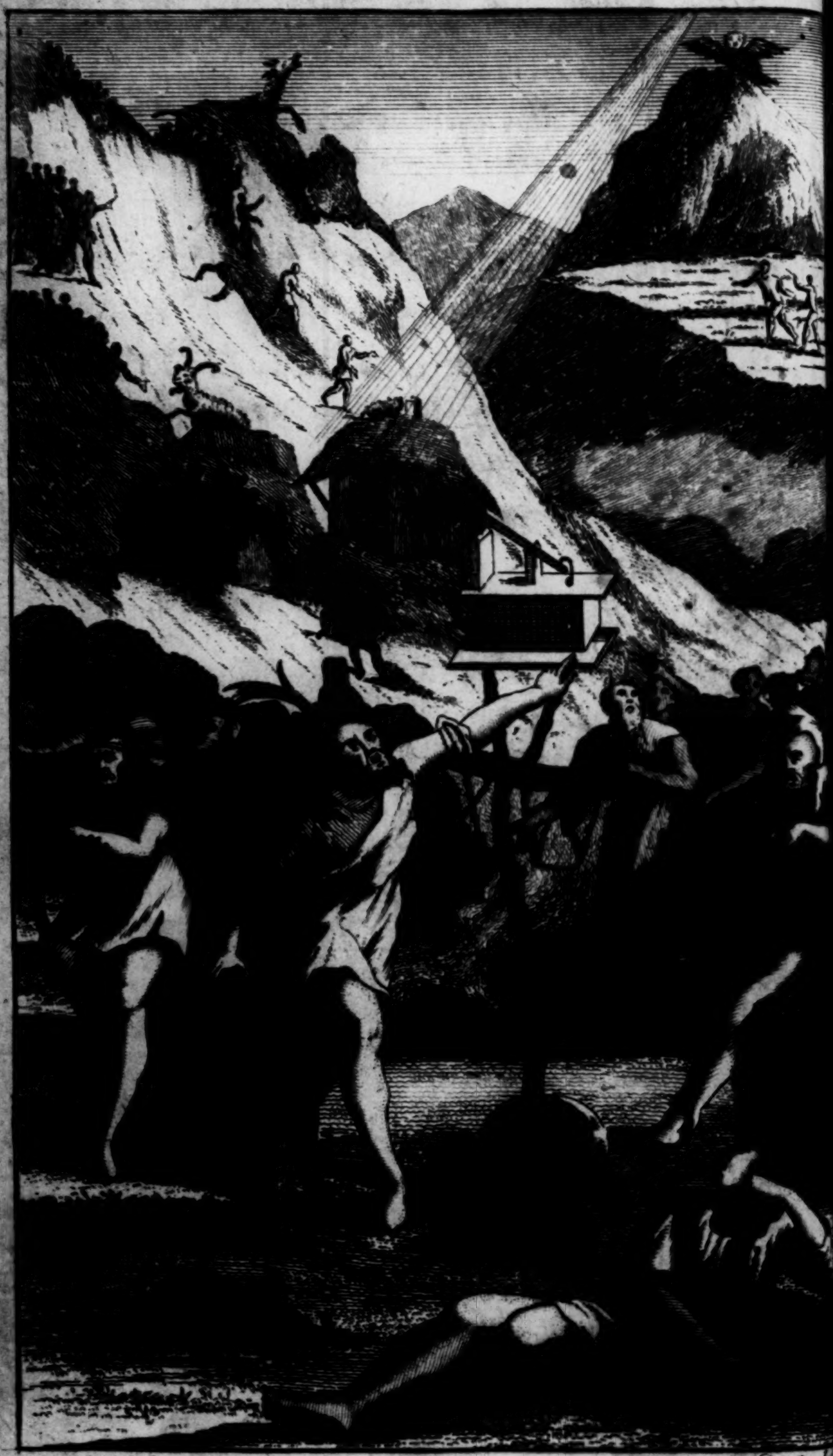
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GR III



E. Knight Iin:

MV or Guch

MUSCIPULA,

Sive

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

——————— Ἀπλωΐδες ἄνδρες
καινοτέραις τέχναις ΞΥΛΙΝΟΝ ΔΟΛΟΝ ἐξεύροντο
ἣν ΠΑΓΙΔΑ καλέουσι, ΜΥΩΝ ὀλέτειραν ἐοῦσαν!

ΟΜΗΡΟΥ ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΜ.



LONDINI:

pensis E. Curll, ad Insigne Pavonis extra Temple-bar;
E. Sanger, subter Medii Templi Portam. MDCCIX.



ROBERTO LLOYD,

Armigero,

COLL. MAGD. OXON.

Socio-Commensali.

CUM Muscipula nostra, in *Murium* solummodò perniciem excogitata, mihimetquoque in Damnum cesserit; quote quæ in Lucem prodierit aliemaculis abundè inquinata: Nuhas, qualescunque sint, novis Tymandare potius visum est, quàm ndacis Præli Errata agnoscere, æquè mea.

At vereor, *Juvenis dilectissime*, qu
me *Licentiam* pluſquam *Poeti* ſup
ſumpſiſſe credas, dum tuo Nom inc
Opuſculum hoc auſim exornare, q co
Iracundioribus quibuſdam vix in ea
triæ tuæ Laudem confici videa ali
Hoc ſi ità foret, neque ego dig qu
eſſem, qui in Gentem tàm illuſtr m
turpiſſimam facerem Contumeli qu
nec Tu, qui eam in Te accipe ru
Leviores autem ſunt hæ ludicræ N li
ſæ Exercitationes, quàm ut Fa G
Cambro-britanniçæ quicquam poſſ ta
detrahere, aut ut Authorem

---------- *Seria duc*
In mala. ----------

Fatendum quidem eſt, me
milius Argumentum è Populo L
dis fœcundiſſimo cepiſſe, qui ſub
miores potiùs *Epico Carmini* Imagin
qua

quàm ridiculo Poemati Materiam ſuppeditaſſet. Præterquàm verò quod inclyta *Cambrorum* Geſta *Focoſæ* minùs conveniebant *Muſæ*; haud Fas erat ea Linguâ Latinâ deterere, quæ non aliâ aptiùs poſſint exprimi, quàm quâ ipſi utebantur *Heroes*. Summa tamen excuſationis meæ (ſiquidem quibuſdam Excuſatione caruiſſe videar) hæc eſt; quod nihil aliud vellem, quam ut Antiquiſſimæ Gentis tuæ Dignitatem meritò oſtentatam vindicarem.

Jampridem *Græcia* furtivos, undecunque potuit, Honores ſibi arrogavit: Et parùm contenta à *Chaldæis Aſtronomiam*, à *Phœnicibus Literas*, à *Cretenſibus ſuum* pœne *Jovem* tranſtuliſſe, adinventâ inſuper MUSCIPULA imperfectam adhuc Gloriam voluit conſummâſſe. Cuinam idcirco *Britoni* Bilem non moveret,

veret, *Homerum*, qui haud ultra ter mille Annos abhìnc ſcripſiſſe cenſetur, ſtupendam hanc Machinam nupero attribuiſſe Artifici, quæ longè vetuſtiori *Cambrorum* aſtutiæ acceptam refert Originem? Hâc quidem de Causâ *Famæ* Gentis tuæ maturè proſpiciendum eſſe duxi, nè aut *Græci Cambros* tuos æmulâ Vetuſtate exuperâſſe viderentur; aut *Homeri* Faber ſuas à TAFFEIO veſtro Laudes ſurriperet.

Quùm verò *Cambri tui* ob tot eximia Facinora juſtè inclaruerint, nil mirere, ſi anxius hæream quibus *Te* præſertim Encomiis, *Mi chariſſime Condiſcipule*, celebrare Geſtiam. In quo, & Patriæ, & Gentilitiæ Virtutes tàm ambiguâ commiſcentur Elegantiâ, ut augurari vix liceat, utrùm plus Splendoris, Familiæ, an Nationi

ni Tuæ ſis allaturus. Obfirmatum in tuendis *Cambriæ* tuæ *Juribus* Amorem, honeſtam in vindicandis Legum inſtitutis Pertinaciam, Piam in conſervandâ *Eccleſiæ* Caſtiſſimæ Dignitate Fortitudinem, majores Tui Tibi derivârunt. Et quid non optimo Jure ſpondeat ſibi *Wallia* ; dum accreſcentem indiès præcocis Ingenii Gloriam non ſine ſummâ Lætitiâ prævideat ; dùm hæc eximia Virtutum Semina, accurata *MAGDALENÆ noſtræ* Cura feliciſſimis excolat Auſpiciis.

Cùm dehinc ad ſubactam Maturitatem adoleverit Judicii Acumen, & inter majores Amicorum plauſus, tenuiores hæ meæ Laudes evanuerint ; parvulum hoc mutuæ Amicitiæ Pignus, ſubindé aſpicere ne de-

dedigneris. Neque ſis prorſùs immemor, aut mei, aut

Actæ non alio Rege Puer'tiæ.

Sum

Omni Obſequio

Tibi devinctiſſimus,

Magd. Coll.
Oxon.
1709.

E. Holdſworth

MUSCIPULA.

MOnticolam *Britonem*, qui primus Vincula *Muri*
Finxit, & ingenioſo occluſit Carcere Furem,
Lethaleſque Dolos, & inextricabile Fatum,
Muſa refer. Tu, *Phœbe* potens, (nam te quoque quondam
Muribus infeſtum dixerunt *Smynthea* Vates)
O! faveas; & tot *Cambrorum* è Montibus, unum
Accipiens vice *Pindi*, adſis, dum pingere verſu
Res tenues, humilique juvat colludere Musâ.

Mus, inimicum animal, prædari, & vivere rapto
Suetum, impunè diu, Spolii quà innata Libido

Jusserat, erravit, sceleratam exercuit Artem
Impavidus, salienſque hinc illinc, cuncta maligno
Corrupit Dente, & Patinâ malè lusit in omni.
Nil erat intactum, sed ubique domesticus Hostis
Assiduus conviva aderat, non Mœnia Furtis
Obstare, aut Vectes poterant servare Placentas,
Robustæve fores; quà non data Porta, peredit
Ipse sibi introitum, Dapibusq; indulsit inemptis.

Pestis at hæc totum dum serpsit inulta per Orbem
Cambria præcipuè flevit, quia *Caseus* illic
Multus olet, quem *Mus* non, æquè ac plurima, liba
Aut leviter tantùm arrodit, sed Dente frequenti
Excavat, interiùsque Domos exculpit edules.

Gens tota incensa est super his, Rabiesq; Dolorq
Discruciant Animos, frendent, juga summa pererran
Stare loco ignorant, nam *Cambris* prona Furori

Corda calent, ſubitâque igneſcunt Pectora bile,
Cum Digitis, credas Animos quoque *Sulphure* tinctos.

Ergò, jubente Irâ, dignas cum Sanguine Pænas
Sumere decretum eſt, ſed quâ Ratione Latronem
Tam cautum illaqueent, quo vindice Furta repellant
Incertum; neque *Felis* enim tua, *Cambre*, tueri
Tecta, nec adverſis poterat ſuccurrere Rebus.
Illa quidem varias poſuit circum Ora cavernæ
Inſidias, tacitoque Pede ad Cava Limina repens
Excubias egit; fruſtrà: *Mus* nempe puſillo
Corpore ſecurus, tantò & præſtantior hoſte
Quo minor, intentum Prædæ ſi forte videret
Cuſtodem ante fores, retro irruit, inque receſſus
Aufugit curvos, atque invia *Felibus* Antra:
Inde Caput metuens iterùm proferre, nec auſus
Excurſus tentare novos, niſi Caſtra moveret
Prædo, atq; omne aberat vigili cum *Fele* Peric'lum.

Sic *Cambri* (*Cambros* liceat componere *Muri*)
Elusere Hostes, cùm *Julius*, Orbe subacto,
Imperio adjecit *Britonas*; sic nempè recessit
Ad Latebras Gens tota, & inexpugnabile Vallum,
Montes; sic sua Saxa inter, medioque Ruinæ
Delituit tuta, & desperans vincere, vinci
Noluit; hinc priscos memorant longo Ordine *Patres*,
Indomitasq; crepant Terras, Linguæq; senectam.

Felinos igitur postquam *Mus* sæpiùs ungues
Fugerat, & *Britoni* Spes non erat ulla Salutis
A socio Belli, supremo in Limite Terræ
Concilium accitur, quâ nunc *Menevia* plorat
Curtatos Mitræ Titulos, & Nomen inane
Semi-sepultæ Urbis; properant hinc inde frequentes
Patresque, Procereſque, & Odorum *Sulphure* Vulgus.

Tum Senior, cui ſæpè ſuis in Montibus *Hircus*
rolixam invidit Barbam, cuique Ora Manuſque
rifea incruſtavit *Scabies*, ſpectabilis Aulâ
tat mediâ, fractus Senio, *Poſtique* reclinis
rorum vexato Humeris ; & Gutture ab imo
nfas præcipitans Voces, non, " inquit, aperto
res, De Bello, ſed Furto agitur ; non exterus Hoſtis,
Sed majus graviuſque Malum, nimis intimus Hoſpes,
Compulit huc Populum ; dominabitur uſq; Tyrannus
Mus petulans? Vos ergo, *Patres*, Venerabilis Ordo,
Quêis Patriæ pretioſa Salus, finite Dolores
Conſilio tantos, & ſi Spes ulla ſuperſit,
Propitias adhibite Manus ; ſic CADWALADERI
Dum clareſcat Honos, veſtra hîc quoq; Gloria creſcet,

tes

gus. Dixit, & ante Oculos Fragmenta, & mucida tollens
ula, Relliquias Furti, Monumenta Rapinæ,
acuit *Cambrorum* Iras : Nunc æmulus Ardor

um

Vin-

Vindictæ, nunc Laudis Amor, ſub Pectore *Patrum*
Ardet, inauditam meditatur quiſque Ruinam
Muri, MUSCIPULAMQ; ſtatim extudit omne Cereb

At Quidam ante alios notus Cognomine TA
Et magis Ingenio celebris, cui WALLIA nunq
Æqualem peperit, *Faber* idem, idemque *Senator*,
" Eximius, ſic orſus erat ; ſi Gloria Gentis
" *Caſeus* intereat, metuo ne tota Colonum
" Deficiat Cœna, & *Menſæ* Decus omne *ſecunda*
" Divitibus pereat ; quoniam ergo *Wallica* Virt
" Et *Feles* nequeant ſuperare hæc Monſtra, fabri
" Dextera quid poſſit, quid Machina vafra, Doli
" Experiar ; *Dolus, an Virtus, quis in Hoſte requi*

Talia jactantem circumſtant undique fixis
Hærentes Oculis, ſperataque Gaudia læto

ſurmure certatîm teſtantur, & unde Salutem
romiſſam expectent, rogitant, ardentque doceri.

Ille Caput ſcalpens, (nam multùm ſcalpere *Cambris*
xpedit) horrendùm ſubriſit, & Ora reſolvens
Talia Verba refert. Cùm feſſus Membra Quieti
Heſternâ ſub Nocte dedi, & Sopor obruit altus
Lumina, *Mus* audax ſectatus, opinor, Odores
Quos non concoctus pingui exhalavit ab Ore
Caſeus, acceſſit furtìm, & compage ſolutis
Faucibus irrepſit, jamq; ipſa in Viſcera lapſus,
Crudas Ventris Opes rapere, heſternamq; paravit
Heu! malè munito furari è Gutture Cœnam.
Excuſſus ſubitò Somnis, ſub Dente Latronem,
Dum reſilire parat, prenſi, fruſtràq; rebellem
Mordaci Vinc'lo aſtrinxi. Sic Carcere *Murem*
Poſſe capi inſtructus, nova mox Ergaſtula, mecum
Hæc meditans, ſtatui fabricare, Animoq; Catenas

Effinxi

" Effinxi tales, mihi quas ſuggeſſerat Oris
" Captivus. Mirum O ! quali regit omnia Lege
" Dextra Arcana *Jovis* ! Quàm cæcis Paſſibus err
" Cauſarum Series ! Nobis *Mus* ipſe Salutem
" Invitus dedit, & quos attulit ante Dolores,
" Tollere jam docuit; neve hunc habuiſſe Magiſt
" Vos pudeat, *Patres*; *Fas eſt vel ab Hoſte doceri.*

Hæc ubi dicta, Domum repetit, comitantur eum
Plaudentes Populi, atque benigna Laboribus opt
Omina. Tum celeri ſua quiſq; ad Limina Curſi
Nuncius it, Laribuſq; refert, quæ Munera TAR
Ingenio ſperanda forent; dumq; Ordine narrant
Omnia, dumq; Deis, ut tanta Incœpta ſecunden
Vota ferunt, monitæ præſago Pectore *Feles*,
Plus ſolito luſere, & (ſi fas credere Famæ)
Sub Manibus Matrum ſaliere Coagula Lactis.

Intereà TAFFI Manibuſq; Animoque viciſſim
ſtat magno Operi, & *Divinâ Palladis Arte*
MUSCIPULAM *ædificat*; fit Machina mira, novâque
nduitur Vultûs Specie *Tragi-comica* Moles.

Quin age, ſi tibi, Muſa, vacat, Spectacula pandas
nfantis Fabricæ, & percurrens ſingula, totam
ompagem expedias. Quadrati Lamina Ligni
ummum imumq; tegit; Filorum Ferreus Ordo
unit utrumque latus, parviſq; uti fulta Columnis
tat Domus; Introitus patet inſidioſus, Amicum
Muribus Hoſpitium oſtentans; ſed deſuper horret
anua, Perniciem minitans, tenuique Ruina
uſpenſa eſt Filo; (uſque adeò ſua Stamina *Parcæ*
Muribus intexunt, & pendent Omnia Filo.)
n ſummo Tecti, mediâq; in Parte Tabellæ,

Stat Lignum, erectum, ſciſſo cum Vertice, cui Trab
Parvula tranſverſim inſeritur, juſtèque libratas
Utrinq; extendit Palmas, quarum altera quantùm
Deprimitur, tantùm annexam levat altera Portam.
Interiore Domo, per Tecti exile Foramen
Demiſſum pendet Ferrum, quod mobile ludit
Hùc illùc facili tactu; curvatur in Hamum
Infima Pars, Eſcamque tenet; Pars altera prendit
Perfidioſa Trabem extremam, at cùm ſenſerit Hoſte
Lethales guſtâſſe Cibos, mora nulla, ſolutam
Dimittit Portam, primumq; ulciſcitur ictum.

His ità diſpoſitis, pendentem protinùs Hamum
Induit Inſidiis TAFFI, exitioſaque *Muri*
Ipſa Alimenta facit, ſed quò fragrantior eſſet
Caſeus, & *Murem* invitaret longiùs, Eſcam
Fatalem torret Flammis, vimq; addit Odori.

Et jam Nox memoranda aderat, cùm feſſa cubili
Membra levans TAFFI, juxta pulvinar amicam
MUSCIPULAM ſtatuit, fidoque Satellite tutus
Indulſit facili Somno. Gens improba, *Mures*
Laſcivi intereà exiliunt, Noctiſque ſilentis
Præſidio confiſi errant; tum Naribus acer
Mus quidam, Dux eximius, Diis natus iniquis,
Caſtra inimica petit, quò grato Flamine toſtus
Caſeus allexit. Venienti prima reſiſtunt
Clathra, aditumque negant; ſed turpem ferre Repulſam
Ille indignatus, Munimina ferrea circum
Curſitat, & criſpat Naſum, introitumque ſagaci
Explorat Barbâ; jamq; irremeabile Limen
Ingreſſus, Votique potens, triſtem arripit Eſcam,
Exitiumque vorat lætus, potiturque Ruinâ.

TAFFI, exaudito Strepitu, quem pendula Porta
Lapsa dedit, cubito erigitur, Thalamoque triumphat
Exilit, impatiens discendi, quis novus Hospes
Venerat. Intereà furit intùs *Ridiculus Mus*,
Et Fronte, & Pedibus pugnat, jamq; intervallis
Clathrorum Caput impingit, Ferrumque fatigat
Dentibus insanis. Sic olim in Retia *Marsus*
Actus Aper, fremit horrendus, sinuosaque quassat
Vincula, Ludibrium Catulis, diffusa per Armos
It Spuma, arrectæque rigent in Pectore setæ.

Postera Lux oritur, decurrunt Montibus altis
Præcipites *Cambri*, nam cunctas venit ad Aures
Res nova; quippe *Asinus*, solitâ Gravitate remissâ
Et jam Pigritiæ oblitus, lascivior *Hædo*
Ascendit Montem, quâ *Cambrum*, dissonus Ore,

Preconem ſimulans, ter rauco Gutture rudens,
ter celebrat, TAFFI, ter publica narrat Amicis
dia. *Bubo* etiam (*Cambrorum* dictus ab illo
mpore *Legatus*) per compita ubique, per Urbes,
tâ Nocte errans, Roſtrum ferale Feneſtris
idulus impegit, cecinitq; inſtantia *Muri*
nera. *Parturiunt Montes*; atq; agmine denſo
brochiæ multus ruit Incola, *Merviniæque*,
iq; tenent *Bonium*, & *Mariduni* Mœnia Vate
clyta *Merlino*; veniunt fœcunda *Glamorgan*
os alit, & *Vagæ* potor, rigiduſque Colonus
merici Montis. Tum, circumſtante Coronâ,
udit capto TAFFI, iratumque laceſſens,
" *Nequicquam luctéris*, (ait) *dammaberis Aræ*
" *Victima prima meæ, memoriq; hæc Limina tinges*
Sanguine; *Spes nulla eſt, retrò fugientibus obſtant*

Non

" *Non exorandi Poſtes: Dabis, improbe, Pœnas*
" *Pro Meritis, Vitamque ſimul cum Carcere linques.*

Vix ea fatus erat, cùm Ludicra *Felis* apriço
Culmine deſiliit Tecti, quò ſæpe ſolebat,
Cruribus extenſis, molli langueſcere Luxu.
Aſpicit inſtantem Captivus, & erigit Aures,
Gibboſoque riget Tergo, nec Limen apertum
Jam tentare audet; ſed in ipſo Carcere ſolam
Spem Libertatis ponens, ſua Vincula prenſat
Unguibus hamatis, Pedibuſque tenacibus hæret.
Excutitur tamen; & *Felis* rapidiſſima Prædæ
Involat, & fruſtrà luctantem evadere ſævo
Implicat Amplexu, crudeliaq; Oſcula figit.
Nulla datur Requies; agili Sinuamine Caudæ
Gaudia teſtatur Victrix, & flexile Corpus

ſcivo verſans Saltu, modò Corpore prono
ntè invigilat *Muri*, modò Colla benignis
uiculis levitèr palpans, mentitur Amorem
lacerare parat; variâ ſic arte jocoſam
ariem exercet, lepidâque Tyrannide ludit.

At Nugis tandem defeſſa, nec ampliùs Iram
mulans, acuit Dentes, &, more Leonis
ſti, incumbit Prædæ: Jam Pectore ab imo
murat, & tremulos Artus, & Sanguine ſparſa
era dilaniat. Plebs circumfuſa cruorem
ſum aſpiciens, lætis clamoribus implent
era; Clamoreſq; Echo, *Cambræ* Incola Terræ,
refert; reſonant *Plinlimmonis* ardua Moles,
Brechin, & *Snowdon*; Vicina ad Sidera fertur
us, & ingenti ſtrepit *Oſſæ Foſſa* Tumultu.

Tu, TAFFI, æternùm vives; tua Munera Cam
Nunc etiam celebrant, quotièſque revolvitur Ann
Te memorant; Patrium Gens grata tuetur Honor
Feſtivoq; ornat redolentia Tempora PORRO.

FINIS.





THE

Mouſe-Trap:

A

POEM.

Written in *Latin*

By E. HOLDSWORTH, of *Magd. Coll.* Oxon.

Made *Engliſh*

By *SAMUEL COBB*, M. A. late of *Trinity-College*, Cambridge.

——————————*Inhuman Men*
Skilful in Guile and Miſchief have contriv'd
A dire Machine, full of inſidious fraud,
They call a TRAP, *a mortal Foe to* MICE.
Homer's Batr.

LONDON:

Printed for *E. Curll* at the *Dial* and *Bible* againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church, and *E. Sanger* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, in *Fleetſtreet*, 1712. Price 6 *d.*



TO

ROBERT LLOYD, Esq;

Fellow Commoner of *Magdalen* College in *Oxford*.

SIR,

SINCE my MUSCIPULA, which was design'd purely for the Destruction of Mice, has prov'd a Detriment to my self, as coming into the World full of other Mens Faults; I thought it proper to give these Trifles, such as they are, a New Edition, rather than be answerable for the Printer's Errors, as well as my Own.

But I am afraid of being censur'd for taking more than a *Poetical Licence*, in attempting to Adorn this Piece with Your Name; because some angry and touchy Persons may be apt to think it no advantageous Complement to Your Countrymen. Were this to be allowed, I should have a very mean Opinion of my self, in daring to cast Reflections on so brave a Nation; nor can the Character You bear receive

them as ſuch. This ludicrous Performance is of too light a Nature ever to detract any thing from the Fame of the *True Britons*, or draw a ſerious Cenſure on the Author.

I muſt confeſs, that I have taken a very low Subject on a People ſo deſerving Commendation, who could furniſh more noble Images for an *Epic Poem*, rather than ridiculous Materials for a Verſe of this kind. Beſides, as the famous Actions of the *Welſh-men* were by no means ſuitable for a jocular Muſe, it were unjuſt to leſſen them in the *Latin* Tongue, ſince they could not be expreſt more properly in any Language than that, which the *Heroes* themſelves us'd to ſpeak in. I have only this to ſay in my Defence, (ſince ſome will think that I ſtand in need of an Excuſe) that I had no other deſign in view, than to vindicate what is with juſt Reaſon celebrated, the Dignity of Your moſt Ancient Nation.

Greece has long ago clandeſtinely arrogated what Honours ſhe poſſibly could to her ſelf; and not contented to have tranſlated *Aſtronomy* from the CHALDEANS,

Letters

tters from the PHÆNICIANS, nay, their
ry JUPITER from the CRETANS, was
iv'd to that pitch of boldneſs, and ſo
bitious to complete her Pile of Glory,
to attribute to her ſole Wit that con-
mmate Invention of a MOUSE-TRAP.
hat True-born *Briton* can patiently en-
re to hear ſuch a recent Author as HO-
ER, who is ſuppos'd to have written but
hree Thouſand Years ago at the fartheſt,
cribe this ſtupendious Engine to the Brain
a Modern Artiſt, when it is matter of
ct that it ow'd its Original to the Inge-
uity of the *Welſh*, who liv'd many hun-
red Years before he was thought of: For
is very Reaſon, I judg'd it high time to
ke the part of Your Nation, that the
Greeks might not pretend to vye with the
Welſh for Antiquity, nor HOMER's Engi-
eer rob your TAFFY of his undoubted
laim to ſo commendable an Invention.

But ſince Your Country-men, *Dear School-
fellow*, have been ſo famous for their many
glorious Exploits, you need not wonder if
am at a loſs how to ſet Your Merits in a
convenient Light. For in You, the Virtues
f Your Country, and Your Race are ſo am-

biguouſly

biguouſly interwoven, that it is hard
tell whether You bring more Splendor
Your Family or Your Nation. You ha
deriv'd from Your Anceſtors a confirm
Love to defend the Rights of Your Countr
an honourable Reſolution to vindicate t
Laws, and a Pious Fortitude to preſer
the Dignity of the pureſt CHURCH. A
what cannot WALES promiſe to her ſe
when with delight ſhe beholds ſo forwa
a *Genius* increaſing daily in Glory; and ou
MAGDALEN with happy influence pro
moting the Seeds of ſuch extraordinary Vi
tues?

When hereafter Your Judgment is arriv
to Maturity, and my poor Praiſes ſha
make no Figure among the louder Applauſe
of Your Friends; diſdain not ſometimes t
give a kind look on this little Pledge o
mutual Friendſhip; And be not altogethe
unmindful either of me, or,

Actæ non alio Rege Puer'tiæ.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt oblig'd,

and moſt obedient Servant,

Magd. Coll. *Oxon.*
1709.

E. HOLDSWORTH.

THE



Mouſe-Trap:

A

POEM.

SING Muse, the Briton, who, on Moun-
(tains bred,
And, like *Saturnian* Jove, with Goats-milk
(fed,
In the cloſe Priſon of a wiry Houſe,
By Magic Cunning, firſt incag'd a *Mouſe*,
Notorious Felon, the dire Charms relate
Which hurry'd on inextricable Fate.
And Thou, O Phæbus, if that Sound delight
Thy willing Ear, to aid the Poet's Flight,

Or

Or rather SMYNTHEUS Thy Attention claim,
To Ancient *Mice* a formidable Name:
Now in my Breaſt let all thy Favour throng,
And guide me in this unattempted Song.
Forſake thy wonted *Pindus*, to deſcend
From *Cambrian* Mountains, and my Toil befriend
While I, delighted with the Task, rehearſe
Small Actions, painted in Heroic Verſe.

A *Mouſe*, a Creature of that ſalvage kind,
Whom Nature form'd with a voracious Mind,
Had long, unpuniſh'd, by ſucceſsful Toil
Flouriſh'd on Rapine, and grown rich with Spoil
Secure he rang'd, and, like a Villain, ply'd,
Where Hunger prompted, and where Laws deny'd
By quick Excurſions on each Diſh he prey'd,
And ſpoil'd the Viands, where his Teeth were lai
The nimble Rover, at each private Feaſt
Intruded boldly, an unbidden Gueſt.

Not Towers of Braſs, nor Doors of Steel could bar
The greedy Tyrant from incroaching War,
Cheeſecakes and Tarts to ſtop his raging Luſt
Were fortify'd in vain with brittle Cruſt.
With unbought Victory his Arms were crown'd,
He found no Bars, or eat through what He found.
But while o'er all the World this Poiſon crept,
Which, unreveng'd, the Deſolation wept.
WALES chiefly mourn'd the ruinous Diſeaſe,
A Nation fam'd for Valour, and for *Cheeſe*.
Cheeſe, the conſummate Diſh, and ſound Delight
For which alone a *Mouſe* would *Cuſtards* ſlight.
For thoſe by Fits, with nice and careleſs Play,
He licks, and wantons in the milky Way.
But *Cheeſe* ſupplys him with a double Treat,
At Noon to riot, and at Night retreat,
And be at once his Lodging, and his Meat.

This does their Paſſions, Grief and Anger raiſe,
And kindles the warm Nation to a Blaze.
They tear and rave, and o'er the Mountains run,
Fly to all Places, but at Eaſe in none.
For, as Old Bards have in their Verſes ſung,
The *Cambrian* Hearts with Wrath are quickly ſtung
As if their Souls, ſo wondrous prone to Ire,
Were ting'd with Brimſtone, and as ſoon took Fire.
Nettled alike, now all conſent to ſhed
Their bloody Vengeance on the curſed Head
Of the vile Caitiff; how they might inſnare
The wary Robber, was their prudent Care.
Long they debated on the ſureſt Courſe,
Or ſecret Stratagem, or open Force;
And what brave Captain ſhould their Army lead
And quell the Monſter in extremeſt Need.
The conquering *Cat*, who many Battles won,
By whom the Race was *only not undone*,

Was now deem'd uſeleſs; tho' ſhe us'd to keep
A wakeful Guard, and nigh his Faſtneſs creep,
Or watch his Cavern with pretended Sleep.
In vain, the Thief, behind his Lines immur'd,
Was by his native Littleneſs ſecur'd.
This was his Bulwark, and from hence he draws
A ſtrong Advantage on more potent Claws.
For if by Chance he ſmelt the *Sentry's* Face,
Backward he ſlunk to his retiring Place,
Unpaſſable by ſtern *Grimalkin*'s Race.
Nor with new Sallies ventur'd out his Head,
Till Danger with the watchful Pyrate fled.
Safe in his Harbour, till the Coaſt was clear,
Which help'd his Courage, and ſecur'd his Fear.
So when Great CÆSAR kept the World in awe,
And *Britain* yielded to the Roman Law,
(If Cuſtom the Compariſon allows
Of Great with Small, a *Welſhman* with a *Mouſe*)

The *Welſh* intrench'd, to ſhun the laſt of Ills,
And burrough'd in their known impervious Hills.
To Nature's Rampires the whole Nation flocks,
And ſkulks behind impenetrable Rocks.
Diſpair compell'd them oft to quit the Field,
They could not conquer, and they would not yield
Hence of CADWALLADARS, and a long Row
Of Anceſtors, ſome thouſand Years ago,
They vaunt, as Heralds born, and proudly boaſt
Their ancient Language, and unconquer'd Coaſt.
Since then the *Mouſe* with adverſary Guiles
Had oft out-general'd *Grimalkin*'s Wiles.
And *Cambria* could no farther Hope deſcry;
Or from the Claws, or Craft of Her Ally.
A Parliament is ſummon'd to appear
And meet in Council on the Land's Frontier.
Where now St. *David*'s, once a noble Name,
Mourns her loſt Titles, and diminiſh'd Fame.

Hither

Hither the Fathers, Lords, and Mob repair
And ſtrong with Brimſtone ſcent the ambient Air.
At this full Congreſs an old Sage appear'd
With hoary Head, and venerable Beard,
Envy'd by Goats, which on the Mountains graze;
His Hands all o'er incruſted, and his Face
Foul with the known Diſtemper of the Place.
Worn out with Years, He on a Poſt reclin'd,
Which *Cambrian* Shoulders often us'd to grind,
Unloaded the Reſentment of his Mind.
He turn'd his Whiskers with a graceful Stroke,
And in deep Tone, thus the grave Father ſpoke.
" We're not aſſembled to provide Relief
" 'Gainſt open Foes, but a clandeſtine Thief:
" No fierce Invader from ſome foreign Part,
" But lodg'd, and harbour'd in the Country's Heart;
The barb'rous Tyrant ranges where he pleaſe,
And, abſolute, invades our Lorded Cheeſe.

" O Woe! O Grief of Griefs! O galling Shame
" To the try'd Valour of the *Cambrian* Name!
" Shall we obey a ſawcy Mouſe, whoſe Rules
" Are abſolute, and made for Paſſive Fools:
" No—let it ne'er be ſaid—but let us try
" Our Force, and conquer in the Cauſe, or dye.
" Grave Senators, and venerable Peers,
" Your Country's Sword and Shield, remove our (Fears.
" If any Hope or Remedy be left,
" Unite, and combat with the growing Theft:
" So ſhall your Arms our ancient Fame renew,
" And brave CADWALLADARS revive in You.

He ſaid, and then expoſing to their ſight
Half-eaten Relicks of the Tyrant's Spite;
Trophies of Rapine, which too ſure betray
How by the dint of Teeth he forc'd his way,
And printed Conqueſt on his mouldy Prey.

This ſtings the Blood, this blows the raging Fire,
And with new Fewel feeds the *Cambrian* Ire.
This in their Hearts does Emulation breed,
Some dire Revenge, and ſome th' Heroic Deed
Inflames with Thirſt of Glory; all contend
By various Deaths to work the Robber's end,
And hammer on the Anvil of their Brain
Incredible Machines of cruel Pain.
The bearded Sires are on Deſtruction bent,
And Fortune labours with the vaſt Event.

But one above the reſt was moſt renown'd,
TAFFY his Name, than whom was never found
A ſmarter Genius in the Country round.
No Blackſmith for a Senator more fit,
Surpaſſing all at Hammer or at Wit.
He wav'd the greaſy Profits of his Trade
Whenever injur'd WALES implor'd his Aid.

In Words, like theſe, the brave illuſtrious Man
Attack'd his Audience, and he thus began.

" Fathers and Brethren, if the Fame decreaſe
" Of our rich Morſels, and our envy'd Cheeſe,
" The hungry Ploughman will moſt Damage feel,
" And loſe at Supper a ſubſtantial Meal.
" The Wealthy too will have a Loſer's ſhare,
" And crown no Banquets with the dainty Fare.
" Since they nor we are able to withſtand
" The ſalvage Monſters which infeſt the Land,
" Since nor *Grimalkin*'s Strength, nor Fraud prevail,
" I'll try, if this Right Hand, this Head will fail.
" 'Tis all the ſame, if with Succeſs we meet,
" Whether we gain by Valour or Deceit.

This ſtrikes the Reverend Council with Surprize;
They gape, and ſtare, and liſten with their Eyes.
A ſudden Joy does every Heart dilate
In ſilent Wiſhes for their better Fate,

To know the Means they earneſtly deſire,
And what, and when, and where, and how, inquire?
Then TAFFY ſcratch'd his Head, a pleaſure grown
Familiar to the *Cambrian* Clime alone.
He grinn'd a horrid Laugh, and thus he ſaid;
" When Yeſter Night had caſt her ſilent Shade,
" And me ſurrender'd to refreſhing Sleep,
" Which on my Limbs and Eyes began to creep;
" A Mouſe audacious follow'd by degrees
" The fumy Steams of unconcocted Cheeſe,
" Which from my Mouth I threw; the Pyrate leap'd
" Thro' my unguarded Jaws, and down ſhe ſlip'd
" Into my Bowels, and began to prey
" On th' undigeſted Meals of yeſterday.
" But while his Way the Thief returning ſought,
" I ſnapt him, and betwixt my Grinders caught;
" Wak'd from my Sleep at ſome ſurprizing Thought,

" In vain the Rebel ſtruggled, and in vain
" Us'd his poor Strength to break the biting Chain,
" This Hint at laſt revolving in my Mind,
" How Mice might be ſubdu'd, if once confin'd;
" The Notions crouded in my teeming Head,
" And a new Priſon and new Fetters made,
" From ſuch a Model faſhion'd and diſpos'd,
" As the late Captive of my Teeth inclos'd.
" O wondrous! by what Art, what ſecret Springs
" The Hand of *Jove* moves ſublunary things!
" How Nature does a conſtant tenour keep!
" And what Effects from unthought Cauſes leap!
" Th' inſtructive Mouſe has taught us now to ſave
" Our Cheeſe, and make the Conqueror a Slave,
" And tho' unwilling, cures the Wounds he gave.
" Nor bluſh, Grave Sires, that to a Mouſe you owe
" The Stratagem to work his Overthrow;
" 'Tis wiſe to take Inſtructions from a Foe.

This ſaid, the Congreſs roſe, and TAFFY ſtrait
To his reſpective Home repairs in State:
Peals of Applauſes from th' attending Throng
Wounded the *Æther*, as he paſt along.
The tattling Nurſes ſpread abroad his Fame,
And liſping Infants ſtammer out his Name:
All full of TAFFY, none but TAFFY ſing,
What Wonders from his mighty Wit would ſpring;
How great the Nation's *better Hope* would grow
By conqu'ring an Hereditary Foe.
But while they offer up their Prayers, to bleſs
His Brain's ingenious Iſſue with Succeſs,
Lo! wond'rous to behold! the ſober Cat,
Who by the Fire but now demurely ſate,
Brisk as a Kitling, twirl'd her boding Tail,
And, if the Faith of Poets may prevail,
The Curds were ſeen to dance within the Milk-
ing Pail.

Mean time with Tooth and Nail, with Hand
and Brain,
Did TAFFY, like another VULCAN, ſtrain;
While PALLAS help'd him with her Art, and Oil,
To finiſh his Divine, laborious Toil,
A MOUSE-TRAP call'd, nor heard before, nor ſeen,
A wond'rous *Tragi-comical* Machine.
And now, my Muſe, do Thou vouchſafe to ſmile,
Deſcribe this Fabric in no vulgar Style,
And paint the niceſt Parts of the ſtupendious Pile;
In form Quadrangular two Planks are laid,
One founds the Baſis, and one crowns the Head.
The Sides around are fortify'd with Wires,
On which ſtrong Columns the whole Houſe aſpires.
An Entry does inſidiouſly entice
With hoſpitable Look the Pilgrim *Mice*:
But from above depends a threat'ning Board,
Hung by a Twine, like DAMOCLES's Sword.

(So all are ſerv'd by Fates, who weave the Doom
Of Mice and Men upon one common Loom!)
High on the Surface of the Fabric ſtands
A Pole, on whoſe notch'd Head a Beam expands
Its wooden Arms, and pois'd alike in all,
One End mount upwards by the others Fall.
Within the Dome a ſlender Wire depends,
Which from the Top thro' a ſmall Hole deſcends,
Which penduloufly wantons here and there,
And at the ſlighteſt Touch plays looſe in Air:
The lower Part a Hook, portending Fate,
But fleſh'd and brib'd with an alluring Bait:
The upper Part does treacherouſly ſeem
To bite with Iron Tooth th' extreameſt Beam;
But ſoon as ſhe has felt the nibling Foe,
She drops her Hold, and lets the Portal go:
There without Bail, or Main-prize, or Relief,
She ſhops for Life (too ſhort!) the greedy Thief.

Thus

Thus far has TAFFY play'd the Builder's part,
A Pile erected by the Rules of Art.
But now to furniſh his Enchanted Houſe,
And kill with Kindneſs the devoted Mouſe;
In Flames he fortifies the ſcented Bait,
And loads the cheating Hook with luſcious Fate.
And now was come the memorable Night,
Deſign'd to do the ſuffering *Cambrians* Right.
Down on his Bed undaunted TAFFY lay,
And in ſoft Slumbers loſt the Toils of Day;
The friendly Engine nigh his Pillow kept
A faithful Guard, while the bold Hero ſlept.
Mean time the Mice, a friſking Nation, play'd,
Protected by the Night's officious Shade.
A Mouſe of high Degree did firſt expoſe
His valiant Life in queſt of Prey, and Foes,
Of ſharpeſt Teeth, and moſt ſagacious Noſe.

But vain's our Courage, if a luckleſs Sign
With Beams malignant on our Cradle ſhine;
Or if a Mouſe of hopeful Parts be torn,
Grimalkin's Victim, and a *Welchman*'s Scorn.

Up ſtrait the Leader march'd his Prey to ſeize;
For to his Noſtrils ſome auſpicious Breeze
Had born the grateful Scent of toaſted Cheeſe.

But wiry Palliſades impeach his Way,
And the firſt Onſet of his Fury ſtay.
Yet his great Soul a vile Repulſe diſdains,
And double Vigour from Reſiſtance gains;
With curling Noſe and ſearching Beard explores
An Entrance at th' inexorable Doors,
Which upward held, the willing Gueſt admit
To taſte his Ruin in the ſavoury Bit;
Then dropping downwards with a frightful Sound,
Th' unhappy Captain of the Mice ſurround.

The ſudden Noiſe rous'd TAFFY from Repoſe,
Who at the Call of Victory aroſe:
He burns impatiently to know, and learn
This new Adventnre of a high Concern.
Mean time the Mouſe, his Conqueſt, raves within
And bounces in th' irrefragable Gin.
New to this Priſon, and new-faſhion'd Hold,
He fumes, and ſtamps, like BAJAZET of Old.
His Head againſt the ſlender Bars he beats,
And with mad Teeth th' impaſſive Iron eats:
So when a Hunter toils a *Marſian* Boar,
The Woods rebellow with his hideous roar;
The Youth around his idle Tusks deride,
The Sport of Maſtiffs, who afflict his Side:
His uſeleſs Foam he on his Shoulders throws,
And on his Back a briſtly Forreſt grows.
The Morning Sun diſcovers to the Sight
The Triumphs of the TRAP, and ſilent Night.

From their ſteep Mountains the ſwift *Cambrians* run,
And with Huzza's proclaim the Battle won.
The Aſs, an Enemy to Toil and Pain,
Had chang'd his Nature to a merry Vein:
Friſk'd like a Kid, and like a Lambkin play'd,
And thrice the public Joy he loudly bray'd:
Thee, TAFFY, thrice he roars to Hills around,
Thee, TAFFY, thrice the ecchoing Hills reſound.
The hooting Owl (ſince that auſpicious Time
Declar'd the *Herald* of the *Cambrian* Clime)
All Night through open Streets and Cities flew,
And his preſaging Beak againſt the Windows threw:
Loudly he rang from his unluckly Throat
The Captive's fatal Knell with diſmal Note.
The Mountains travel, and from *Pembroke* come
A Clan of Tenants, from * *Mervinia* ſome:

---

* *Merioneth-ſhire.*

Some Colonies from * *Maridunum* throng,
Renown'd for MERLIN in the *Britiſh* Song:
With thoſe who dwell nigh mitred *Bangor*'s Walls,
And thoſe, where *Vaga* into *Severn* falls;
With thoſe who climb *Montgomery*'s ſteep Hill,
Or fruitful Valleys of *Glamorgan* till.
Then TAFFY with ſarcaſtic Voice exults,
And thus the raging little Slave inſults:
" In vain, vile Caitiff, doſt Thou tear and rend,
" And at the Bar of Deſtiny contend:
" In vain with ſtamping Feet and Teeth aſſail,
" Nor will thy boaſted Littleneſs prevail.
" Remember now, thy Thefts and Plunders all
" Start up in Judgment, and for Vengeance call.
" In vain you ſeek juſt Puniſhment to fly,
" Thoſe Bars all Hopes of an Eſcape deny.

---

* *Carmarthen.*

" No

" No! wicked Victim, thou art doom'd to bleed,
" And with thy Blood this Floor, this Altar feed;
" And may all ravenous Mice, like thee, ſucceed!

He ſaid, and *Puſs*, who the Proceedings ſpy'd,
Leap'd from a neighb'ring Roof's warm Sunny ſide,
Where ſhe was wont to bask, and wear away
In Luxury and Eaſe a Summer's Day.
The captive Mouſe had ken'd her from afar,
And now intent to ſhun the coming War,
He ſeeks no Flight, but more improv'd in Fears,
Briſtles his crumpled Back, and pricks his Ears;
To ſcape the ſtern devouring *Mouſer*'s Jaws,
His Hope of Safety from his Priſon draws,
And hugs his Fetters with tenacious Claws.
But all in vain; for *Puſs* expecting lay
With nimble Feet to ſeize her panting Prey;
On whom, when ſhaken from his Holds, ſhe flies,
And fixes cruel Kiſſes on her Prize.

She tells what ſecret Joys within prevail,
By wanton Motions of her twirling Tail.
Sometimes ſhe, careleſs, on the Ground reclines,
Still watchful on her Captive's dark Deſigns;
Sometimes ſhe paws his Neck, and licks his Face
And girds him with a barbarous Embrace:
With ſportive Cruelty, a ſubtle Task,
She acts the Tyrant in a Lover's Maſk.
But now the merry Scene of Action's paſt,
And, like an unfed Lioneſs, at laſt,
Tir'd with her wanton Play, and trifling Toil,
She growls and grumbles o'er her trembling Spoil;
And while his Bowels and his Limbs ſhe rends,
Loud Acclamation to the Clouds aſcends:
Eccho, the Tenant of the *Cambrian* Hills,
With the repeated Shout the Caverns fills.
Brechin, and *Snowdon*, and *Plinlimmon*'s Mount,
And *Offa*'s Ditch the various Toils recount:

found the Fortune of their Country's Wars,
eir ſlaughter'd Tyrant, and their finiſh'd Jars,
d bear the Triumph to the neighb'ring Stars.

But thou, O TAFFY, in my Verſe ſhalt live
e long Eternity which Poets give.
e *Welſh* with annual Joy preſerve thy Fame,
hou brighteſt Honour of the *Cambrian* Name!
y Country does with Gratitude o'erflow,
nd tho' no Conquering Bays ſhe can beſtow,
et fragrant *Leaks* ſhall for thy Brows inſtead of
Laurel grow.

FINIS.

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EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Barry*,

April the 7th, 1709.

At a Repreſentation of *Love for Love*.

AS ſome Brave *Knight* who once
with Spear and Shield,
Had fought Renown in many a
well Fought Field,
No longer now with Sacred Fame inſpir'd
Has to ſome Peaceful Hermitage Retir'd,

There, if by Chance diſaſtrous Tales He hears
Of Matron's Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,
He feels ſoft Pity urge his Gen'rous Breaſt,
And vows once more, to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd;
Buckle'd in *Mail* he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.

So We, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more, our Peaceful Homes *adieu*,
To aid old THOMAS, and to Pleaſure you——
Like Errant Damſels boldly we Engage,
Arm'd as you ſee, for the Defenceleſs Stage;
Time was, when this Good Man no Help did lack
And ſcorn'd that any *She*, ſhould hold his Back,
But now——ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd
By two at once, * he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd;

* *Mrs.* Barry *and Mrs.* Bracegirdle.

You ſee, what failing Nature brings Man to,
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of You;
Tho' Old, you find his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel——he's Mettle to the laſt;
If better he perform'd in Days of *Yore*,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r,
What can the Youngeſt of you all do more?

What he has been, tho' preſent Praiſe be Dumb,
Shall haply be a *Theme* in Times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius and of *Rome*——
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old Shakespeare's Ghoſt had Ris'n to do him Right;
With Indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a Worthleſs, Witleſs, Taſtleſs Town,

Griev'd

Griev'd and Repining you had heard him ſay,
Why are the *Muſes* Labours caſt away,
Why did I only write, what only he cou'd Play.
But ſince like Friends to Wit thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the Gen'rous Work compleat,
Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe
Find ſomething for him, more than *bare* Applauſe,
In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a Diſcharge at Laſt;
In Peace, and Eaſe, Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his Conſecrated Buskin * here.

* *Pointing to the Top of the Stage.*

FINIS.

THE STAGE.

SINCE all the Din of War begins to ceaſe,
And *Britain*'s harraſs'd Sons expect a Peace,
Since now her prudent Senators deſign
To change their Lawrels for the *Gallick* Vine,
To view leſs horrid Scenes of Death prepare,
The painted Terrors of a Theatre;
Where MARS ſtill rages in the Poet's Lines,
Where the ſwoln Flood ſtill reeks in warlike Rhimes,
Where Cannons but in loud Deſcriptions roar,
Or wave in Ecchoes frightful to the Shoar;

Where the ſhrill Trumpet's Clangor charms the
Ear,
And beauteous Circles without trembling hear
The loud-mouth'd Thunder of a fancied War.

If by an unfeign'd Wound ſome Hero dies,
Love ſhoots the guilty Darts from their too mu
d'rous Eyes.

NIGH * where, as when on *Naſeby*'s fatal Plain
His brazen Steed the Royal Martyr reins,
A Covent once (if we may credit Fame,
And ſtill the Garden keeps its antient Name)
A Covent once there ſtood, a Structure made
To ſhun the World, where now the World is play'
How decently 'twas built, what Sins t' attone,
What Order fill'd the Place, is yet unknown.
Perhaps the Spot where now ſtands POWELL's Stag
Where PUNCH chaſtiſes Spouſe with prompted Rag

* Charing-croſs.

Was then ſome Friar's Cell, where all unſeen
The pious Father fed his ſacred Spleen;
Nor Fiends nor Witches then were ſeen to fly,
Whilſt Prieſts and Holy-Water were ſo nigh.
No Lovers there in Rhime rehears'd their Moan,
But if a Sigh was heard, 'twas Penitence alone.

AT length the World broke in, and now th'Play'r
Attracts the Beau, the Critick, and the Fair;
Even in the Place which once the Monk poſſeſs'd
(Strange Shift of Scenes) fat † DOMINICK's the Jeſt.

SWEET is the Flouriſh when the Curtain draws,
Sweet is the crowded Theater's Applauſe;
Sweet are the Strains when billing Lovers parle,
But rough the Cat-call and the Critick's Snarle.
Rough was the Language, unadorn'd the Stage,
And mean his Hero's Dreſs in SHAKESPEAR's Age:

† *The* Spaniſh Fryar, *a Play.*

No ſcepter'd Kings in Royal Robes were ſeen,
Scarce could her Guards defend their tinſel'd Queen,
Scarce could the Houſe contain the liſt'ning Shoal,
Scarce had the mimick'd Thunder, room to roll;
But then Wives, Subjects, Friends, 'tis ſung, were true,
And Beaus (if ſuch in *England* were) were few:
Rare were their Follies: This the Moderns found,
And prudently, ſince Knaves and Sots abound,
Since Crimes enlarge, and Fopperies prevail,
Enlarg'd the Stage, which ought to be their Flail.
Now ſoars the Theatre, a ſtately Pile,
It ſelf an Emblem of the Tragick Stile,
Firm to its Baſe, yet lofty to the Sight,
Lofty, yet each way equal to its Height,
Plain as the Shepherd-Nymph in Ruſſet Weeds,
Yet graceful as the Actreſſes it breeds;

ach meaneſt Object props the main Deſign,
rt, Nature, Uſe, and Ornament combine.
HERE wreath'd APOLLO with his heav'nly Lyre
flames the Muſes with Poetick Fire,
heir tuneful Strains the jocund Muſes ſing,
nd tributary Bards their Incenſe bring;
he God with pleaſing Looks, and Crowns of Bays,
miles on their Labours, and rewards their Lays.
HERE have I ſeen (and Oh the pleaſing Sight!)
ove, Hate, and Fury in their trueſt Light;
ere, when his Crimes in Publick glar'd I've ſeen
he bluſhing Letcher curſe the babling Scene,
hilſt He whom conſcious Innocence ſecures,
nleſs when Virtue Wrongs or Scorn endures,
miles unconcern'd, as SOCRATES is ſaid
'have ſat at *Athens* when the * *Clouds* were play'd.

---

* *The* Clouds, *a Play in* Ariſtophanes, *where* Socrates *is throughout tyrized, at which, when repreſented, He was preſent, and ſhewed not the aſt Concern.*

HIS

HIS Judgment great, and great muſt be his Craft,
That undertakes to make his Audience laugh;
'Tis not a nat'ral Ninny muſt be ſhewn,
Expoſe the Coxcomb, not the Simpleton.
The barbarous Wretch that toils to ridicule
An honeſt, harmleſs, unconceited Fool,
As well, with HAMLET in the Play, might ſlave
To prove a Villain is an errant Knave.
When SHADWELL gives his * Ideot Clown a Miſs,
Gorg'd with the nauſeous Aſs true Criticks hiſs,
Hiſs, and with reaſon bid the ſcrib'ling Niſy
Go read † QUINTILIAN *de movendo riſu.*

NOTHING can more provoke a righteous Spleen
(Like that of COLLIER) than an impious Scene.
In *Spain* their martyr'd Saints (a Sight prepoſt'rous)
Kneel on the Stage, and ſing their *Pater Noſters.*

---

* *Young* Hartford *in his* Lancaſhire *Witches.*

† Stulta reprehendere facillimum eſt, nam ex ſe ſunt ridicula; ſed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio. *Quintilian.*

This

This Error claims the contrary Extreme,
Religion is for Plays too great a Theme,
A Theme that asks a more reſpected Coat,
A Tongue that does not only move by Rote.

LET thoſe who dare attempt the Tragick Muſe
Some Standard Author for their Pattern chuſe,
The Man whom Nature reconciles with Art,
That knows each Paſs, each Folding of the Heart,
That tyrannizes o'er the Soul, is he:
Such SHAKESPEAR was, ſuch ADDISON will be.

SUCH SHAKESPEAR was indeed; for who can guard
His inmoſt Soul, when SHAKESPEAR plies it hard?
Can he that has a Child, an only Child,
As HOTSPUR headſtrong, and as FALSTAFF wild,
See BOLINGBROKE in anguiſh for his Son,
See the King's Sorrows, and forget his own?

And

And can that Child see LEAR's good old Age
All dropping wet, come frantick on the Stage,
Or hear that impious Pair his Daughters play'd,
Yet not his own Ingratitude upbraid?
He muſt, he muſt, 'tis SHAKESPEAR reprimands,
What Guilt ſo bold his pious Pen withſtands?
ALL hail, Immortal Bard, thy Muſe diſarms
Each Vice, and even when a Slattern charms,
Thou can'ſt celeſtial Sentiments expreſs,
Or Negromantick Rites in all their Horrors dreſs.
So the fam'd God of Eloquence (who ſmil'd
On thy great Birth, and choſe thee for his Child)
In either Region's Language did excel,
At once th' Interpreter of Heaven and Hell.
IMMORTAL Bard, all hail! may every Spring
Around thy Tomb the Nymphs of *Avon* bring;
Around, you grateful Nymphs, around him tread,
Record his Beauties, and bemoan him dead.

ALL

ALL hail, Immortal Bard, Thee Witlings damn,
For Errors ſcarce enough to prove thee Man:
Errors there are, for who ſo partial ſees
The Prince of Playwrights in his PERICLES?
But when the youthful *Dane* to Raptures ſwells
At the ſad Tale his poiſon'd Father tells;
When CÆSAR triumphs, when his Murd'rers plot,
When HECATE deceives the valiant *Scot*;
When Fairies round the Ring, when Spirits fly,
Compell'd by Magick from their native Sky,
I know him then, I know the Muſe's Shrine,
'Tis he, 'tis he himſelf, 'tis SHAKESPEAR, 'tis Divine.

NONE may attempt the next great Poet's Fame,
Whilſt DENHAM's Numbers blazon JOHNSON's Name;
'Twas he firſt methodiz'd the Muſe's Rage,
To him we owe Correctneſs on the Stage;

By tracing JOHNSON's Humoriſts and Lays,
Even blund'ring SHADWELL now and then can
pleaſe.

APOLLO thus to bend his Bow, 'tis ſaid
Upon a ſenſeleſs Stone his Lyre he laid;
Th' infectious Harmony the Marble caught,
His Inſtrument a new one ſtrait begot;
The Stone when ſtruck on imitating ſtill
In feeble Sounds the Maſter Godhead's Skill.

SHADWELL perhaps may coaſt along the Shoar,
But fears the dangerous ugly Deep t'explore.
JOHNSON alone with Wit and Judgment braves
The riſing Storm, and quells the raging Waves;
Here diſtant twinkling Beauties rarely meet,
There's a bright Galaxy of dazling Wit.

BUT like the Graces moving hand in hand
FLETCHER and BEAUMONT next the Crown com-
mand,

The firſt too far preſuming on his Wit,
His laviſh Lays luxuriantly writ;
Whilſt BEAUMONT model'd every darling Thought,
And interpos'd his beautifying Blot;
Taught him to manage the *Pierian* Steed,
Or curb him cloſe, or urge his utmoſt Speed.
MINERVA thus to rout the *Thracian* God,
In the ſame Chariot with TYDIDES rode,
She wields the Whip, his forward Courage chides,
His fiery ſelf and fiery Courſers guides,
Now checks their haſte, now thunders o'er the Plain,
The Heroe darts the Spear, the Goddeſs rules the Rein,
FLETCHER when fir'd with a poetick Heat,
Was ever rambling after Rant and Wit,
'Twas then his Friend all fortify'd with Rules,
Show'd him the Scene could tickle none but Fools.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, the guilty Poet ſtood,
And bluſh'd himſelf ſhould ever think it good.

SO BACCHUS, when he drove his conq'ring Car
O'er Sun-burnt Climes, and urg'd the *Indian* War,
Soon as the gen'rous Grape had reach'd his Head,
His Troops to many a raſh Adventure led;
SILENUS ſaw the Fault, by his Advice
The God allay'd his Rage, and cool'd his Cup with Ice.

LONG felt the Drama an inglorious Dearth,
Nor wept the Tragick Muſe, nor ſmil'd the Comick Mirth.
At length his Lyre harmonious DRYDEN ſtrung,
Excell'd in both, and both alternate ſung.
At firſt indeed he made his Heroes rant,
Or quibbled Folly in his *Wild Gallant*:

But, as in Muſick when the Artiſt long
Has try'd each Note, and dwelt upon the Song,
The Strings become familiar to his Hand,
Around his Lute the Graces take their Stand;
He riſes in his Skill, the Crowd controuls,
And robs his raviſh'd Audience of their Souls.
Our Author ſo when perfect in his Art,
Alarm'd the brave and ſeiz'd the Fair one's Heart.
SO Nature's Workmanſhip in Paint diſplay'd,
By mellowing time more beautiful is made.
SO Nature's ſelf, whom he ſo well could paint,
Acts as at firſt ſhe ſuffer'd ſome Reſtraint:
The tender Babe of leſs than Pigmy ſize,
Wrapt up and gellying in the Cradle lies,
By juſt Degrees his little Limbs dilate,
By juſt Degrees improves his growing State,
At length he ſtretches to his utmoſt Span,
And looks, and ſtalks, that lordly Creature, Man.

BUT

BUT what ſo potent Charm, what Chain ſo ſtrong,
Can curb or ſilence the malicious Tongue,
Superior Merit on the Laureat drew,
A BLACKMORE, MILBOURN, and a MONTAGUE;
Angred at laſt he threw his Pencil down,
Nor ſtrove again to pleaſe a thankleſs Town.
Wrap'd in the Prophet's Robe aroſe his Friend,
CONGREVE alone, the Heroe's Bow could bend,
CONGREVE his ſecond-ſelf his CONGREVE roſe,
And ſoars like DRYDEN, and like DRYDEN flows.

THUS did ACHILLES from the Duſty Plain
Laden with Bays and Injuries abſtain;
But when PATROCLUS to the Battle went
His Golden Panoply the Hero lent;
And him ſo well the mighty Arms became,
So like ACHILLES all his graceful Frame,
Both Hoſt a-gaze the raging War ſuſpend,
And none but PHÆBUS knows him from his Friend.

THY Comick Muſe, and truſt me, CONGREVE, I
With greater Truth than * *Foreſight* prophecy,
Far as thy BEN can ſail, or Waters flow,
Receiv'd with Praiſe thy Comick Muſe ſhall go;
Bleſs her, you Lovers, for from her the Fair
Have learnt to prize the Conſtant in deſpair,
No more your Sighs, no more your Tears are
ſcorn'd,
But *Love for Love* ſhall ever be return'd.

SOME know the Sock and ſome the Buskin's Pace,
But CONGREVE treads in both with equal Grace;
When dreſs'd in widdow'd Weeds his Muſe appears,
Who can refuſe the *Mourning Bride* his Tears?

SO when ADONIS dy'd, her Grief became
Well as her former Mirth, the Laughter-loving
Dame.

---

* *An illiterate Old Fellow, pretending to underſtand Aſtrology. See,* Love for Love.

Long

Long would the Labour be, and vain the Toil
To ſing the Maſter-ſtrokes of OTWAY's Stile,
Even the moſt Loyal muſt PIERRE commend,
Nor can his *Orphan* ever want a Friend.

READ ETH'RIDGE, you that would appear gentile,
The Friend, the Father, and the Miſtreſs, STEELE
How ſoft the Scene where CIBBER paints the Beau
How manly WICHERLY! how moving ROWE!
The Lays how ſtrong! how paſſionate the Page!
When GRANVILLE'S *Agamemnon* mounts the Stage
How loud the Din when his Magicians fight!
When good * *Urganda* battles for her Knight,
Spirits of Air with *Dæmons* dire engage,
Loud Thunder burſts in Vollies, Light'nings rage,
Shoots the blue ghaſtly Gleam acroſs the darkned Stage.

* *His* Britiſh *Enchanters.*

AN

AND thou, O ADDISON, no more detain
The Free-born † CATO, ſtruggling in his Chain;
'Tis Liberty he loves, diſcloſe thy vaſt Deſign,
And let us ſee that every Muſe is thine.

And now the *Iſis* proudly rears her Head,
See o'er her flowry Lawns the Goddeſs tread,
Thee, *Heliconian* Deity, I know,
Accept the Verſe thy Streams have taught to flow.
But hark! ſhe claims aloud the Laurel Wreath,
To bind the Temples of her darling SMITH,
Alas! to bind his Temples, he's no more,
But wanders ſilent on the Stygian Shore;
Long ſince the promis'd Bard in all his Pride,
In blooming Beauty, like his PHÆDRA dy'd.
O were the Youth, the Youth ſo long deplor'd,
Like his HIPPOLITUS to Life reſtor'd,

† *A Tragedy written by Mr.* Addiſon, *but never yet acted.*

Myriads of Heroes ſhould with him revive,
And in his labour'd Lays triumphant live.
But hold! To ſing ſuch wondrous Poet's Praiſe re-
quires
A Genius great as ADDISON's or theirs,
Do thou, my Muſe, deſcribe the bright Abodes,
Of Wits, of Cits, of Criticks, Beaus, and Bawds,
Of Venal Emperors, and earthling Gods.
Low lays the Tribe, commanded by the Box,
That damn a Play, or ſign it Orthodox,
The Pit they fill, the Pit where Punks patrol,
Theſe look a luring Leer, and thoſe a gloomy Scowl;
Footman and Prentice bawl in upper Air,
Bright in the Middle ſits enthron'd the Fair.
But neither Footman's Ideot Laugh can pleaſe,
Nor wounds the fiercer Critick's envious Hiſs;
Deign but, you Circles of the Fair, to ſmile,
Well is the Poet paid for all his labour'd Stile.

NOW turn, and ſee where loaden with her Freight,
A Damſel ſtands, and Orange-wench is hight;
See! how her Charge hangs dangling by the Rim,
See! how the Balls bluſh o'er the Basket-brim;
But little thoſe ſhe minds, the cunning *Belle*
Has other Fiſh to fry, and other Fruit to ſell:
See! how ſhe whiſpers yonder youthful Peer,
See! how he ſmiles, and lends a greedy Ear.
At length 'tis done, the Note o'er Orange wrapt
Has reach'd the Box, and lays in Lady's Lap;
Such ATALANTA was, ſuch golden Fruit
Gain'd the fair Murd'reſs in the hot Purſuit.
Poor pretty Proſtitute, thou kind Relief
To longing Lady, and to Gallant's Grief;
May that ſoft Hand which both the Boxes know,
Plump as thy Orange in their Service grow,

Still vend thy Fruit, ſtill give the Billet right,
So may both Colours in thy Cheeks unite,
The Fruit's Vermillion, and the Billet's white.

BUT hark, a Fight! by ſome briſk Spark endited,
It is decreed the Ladies muſt be frighted.
I hear the Soldiers and the Clarions roar,
And ſee the Battle enters at the Door,
Some two diſtinguiſh'd Chiefs decide the Cauſe,
Who like true Heroes bleed to gain Applauſe.
Porters in red with brandiſh'd *Whinyard* vye,
Fight as good Friends, and for their Living die;
Here ſome the *Sabre's* blunted Terrors weild,
There *Javelins* ſplinter on the Sun-bright Shield,
Their Foils claſh horrible, their Faulchions Jar,
A harmleſs Hubbub, and a pointleſs War;
Each Chief ſubmits to what his Roll decrees,
Or conquers bravely, or as bravely dies.

Mean while with Throats expanſive, Viſage glum,
Legions of Stentors trumpet, ſhout, and drum,
Sound an Alarm, retreat, rout, rally, overcome.

SO have I ſeen, when Cuſtard was the Prize,
Whole Troops of Trencher-men and Trainbands riſe,
Like more than Men with formidable Pride,
Charge to the promis'd Dinner up *Cheapſide*,
Preſent their Pieces, pop, Huzza around,
And ſhake themſelves, and ſhake the ſmoaking Ground.

Say whence their Armour, whence the Cask enchas'd,
With beamy Gems, the Cuiraſs richly lac'd,
The waving Plumage, and the burniſh'd Creſt?
Say whence the Coat of Mail, the temper'd Spear,
Say whence the Hero's Helm, the King's Tiar,
And whence in goary Robes aſſaſſin'd Spectres glare?

HIGH

HIGH o'er the Stage there lies a rambling Frame,
Which Men a Garret vile, but Play'rs the Tire-room name;
Here all their Stores (a merry Medley) ſleep,
Without Diſtinction huddled in a Heap.

HUNG on the ſelf ſame Peg, in Union reſt
Young TARQUIN's Trowſers, and LUCRETIA's Veſt,
Whilſt without pulling Quoives ROXANA lays
Cloſe by STATIRA's Petticoat her Stays;
Hard by a Quart of bottled Light'ning lies,
A Bowl of double Uſe, and monſtrous Size;
Now rolls it high, and rumbles in its Speed,
Now drowns the weaker Crack of Muſtard-ſeed;
So the true Thunder all array'd in Smoak,
Launch'd from the Skies now rives the knotted Oak,

And ſometimes nought the Drunkard's Pray'rs a-
vail,
Ah ſometimes condeſcends to ſower Ale.
Near theſe ſets up a Dragon-drawn Calaſh,
There a Ghoſt's Doublet delicately ſlaſh'd,
Bleeds from the mangled Breaſt, and gapes a
frightful Gaſh,
In Crimſon wrought the ſanguine Floods abound,
And ſeem to gutter from the ſtreaming Wound.
Here IRIS bends her various painted Arch,
There artificial Clouds in ſullen Order march,
Here ſtands a Crown upon a Rack, and there
A WITCH's Broomſtick by great HECTOR's Spear;
Here ſtands a Throne, and there the CYNICK's
Tub,
Here BULLOCK's Cudgel, there ALCIDE's Club.
Heads, Plumes, and Spangles, in Confuſion riſe,
Whilſt Rocks of Corniſh Diamonds reach the Skies.

And Creſts,

Crefts, Corflets, all the Pomp of Battle join,
In one Effulgence, one promiſcuous ſhine.

HENCE all the Drama's Decorations riſe,
Hence Gods deſcend Majeſtick from the Skies,
Hence Playhouſe Chiefs to grace ſome antique Tale,
Buckle their coward Limbs, in warlike Mail,
With what an Air from this their Magazine
Equipt, old BETTERTON adorn'd the Scene?
Old BETTERTON; on whoſe Seraphick Tongue,
Mirth, Majeſty, and fluent Satire hung;
He by Religion a Tragedian made,
Play'd virtuous Parts, and liv'd the Parts he play'd
He flouriſh'd long, and long delib'rate Fate,
Spar'd him in Pity to the Tragick State.
At length he fell, decay'd the Stages Pride,
The Laureat ſicken'd, and the Scribler dy'd;
For if the firſt a Piece conſummate drew,
From him each graceful Stroke receiv'd its due.

Nor could the laſt ſo bad a Scene indite,
But his judicious Action ſet it right;
Still at the worſt or beſt of Plays, the Town
With pleaſure liſten'd to their BETTERTON.

SO in the Senate, be it to declare,
A well concerted Peace, or dreadful War;
The ſame Delight and Satisfaction ſhown
By ANNA's Peers, when ANNA mounts the Throne.

WITH other Looks, yet ſcarce inferior Grace,
NOKES trod the Stage, and ſhambled in this pace,
Pleaſant Buffoon! to what an artful Screw
His wither'd Chops the merry Whoreſon drew,
What Pencil can deſcribe his groteſque Mein,
The Cuckolds ſneaking Leer, the Noncon Grin,
The Wire-hung Limbs, ſunk Eyes, and pecked Chin.
Thus furniſh'd, thus deform'd, thus bent with Age,
With feeble Steps he limp'd acroſs the Stage,

There drawling Nonſenſe from his haggard Jaws,
Diſpell'd the Spleen which BETTERTON had caus'd,
In HOMER thus the Slave and Hero charms,
THERSITES pleaſes, but ACHILLES warms.

STILL may you live, Immortal Actors, crown'd,
Still may your Praiſe from Pole to Pole reſound,
For ſtill you live, in Duſt the Vulgar lie,
But never muſt Theatrick Heroes die;
Secure of Fame the Stroke of Fate they brave,
As if by often acting Death, th' had learn'd to mock the Grave.
Whilſt SHAKESPEAR'S, DRYDEN'S, ROWE'S and OTWAY'S Name,
Are ſung, and flouriſh in the Book of Fame;
BARRY and BRACEGIRDLE ſhall ſhare their Praiſe
And live for ever in the Poets Lays.

HERE would I ſettle, here my Fancy raiſe,
And ranſack WALLER to compleat their Praiſe;

POWELL forbids, and with a haughty Tone
Frowning, demands to have his Merit known,
And great they are, and worthy to be ſung,
But oh! ſtill dwelling on their Owner's Tongue;
Big as the Voice of War he mouths his Roll,
Each Accent twangs majeſtically full.
When ALEXANDER dies, he gives the fair
Tortures as great as thoſe he ſeems to bear;
When OEDIPUS rends forth his Eyes with Tears,
Each ſorrowing Beauty almoſt puts out hers;
When by HERMIONE's Diſdain undone,
Diſtraction ſeizes AGAMEMNON's Son;
With artful rattling Wheeze, he draws his Breath,
Seems in the very Agonies of Death;
He foams, he ſtares, he ſtorms a madding Note,
And all the Fury thunders in his Throat.
A Godlike Air, Quick Eye, and Accent ſmooth,
With all the Manly Graces ſhine in BOOTH.

BLESS'D with an awful Port and lordly Mein,
The pleas'd Spectator dreads a King in KEENE.

NOT ſo in airy WILKS, with chearful Grace,
The careleſs Rake ſits ſparkling in his Face.

Others there are, whoſe Voice and Geſture claim
In pompous Verſe a never-dying Fame.
Others there are, but how ſhould we deſcribe
The various Beauties of the diſtant Tribe;
* We hop'd alas! we hop'd a nearer view,
And farther, farther ſtill our Wiſhes flew;
But oh! thoſe hopes are o'er, and Grief to ſay
Superior Gravity has gain'd the Day.
Yet tax not us, Tragedians, tax not thoſe
Who never can be real Merit's Foes;
We grudge you neither Refuge nor Applauſe,
'Tis you your ſelves forbid, your ſelves your Abſence cauſe.

---

* *The Play'rs laſt Summer were expected to play at* Oxford, *but were order'd away.*

The fatal Cauſe is fatal Excellence,
'Tis your own SANTLOW baniſhes you hence,
For ſhould ſhe with her, all her Beauties bring,
Nothing but her each youthful Tongue would ſing,
Learning leſs fair would ſhine, and every Muſe
For brighter Beauties ſcorn'd her Lover loſe;
SHOULD OLDFIELD then, the bright-ey'd OLDFIELD join,
Her complicated Charms, her Form divine;
Should ſhe, like Hector's Widow, as of late,
Mourn her * ASTYANAX his double Fate,
All, all would love her like ACHILLES'Son,
All would like him be taken, all like him undone.
'Tis ſaid young † AMMON, when return'd from War,
Was with an Eunuch's Action ta'en ſo far,

---

* *Her Part in the* Diſtreſs'd Mother.

† Plutarch *in the Life of* Alexander.

That

That Spight of Royalty he leap'd for Joy,
Leap'd from his Throne, and kiſs'd the ſervile Boy.
Oh could he but have ſeen upon the Stage,
OLDFIELD in the forſaken LOVEIT rage;
Struck with the Sight, the Son of *Lybian* JOVE,
From Admiration ſoon had roſe to Love;
A warmer Kiſs had giv'n the nuptial Sign,
And all STATYRA's Conqueror been thine.

AND yet with all their Beauties, all their Care,
Nor SANTLOW, WILKS, nor OLDFIELD pleaſe the Fair.
Bleſs'd with their Praiſe, *Italian* Songſters thrive,
A Beaver-race that geld themſelves to live.
Strange Force of Whimſy! that the Fair ſhould prize
A warbling Vagabond whom all deſpiſe.
Even to themſelves of old an Eunuch ſeem'd,
Worſe than a Beaſt, tho' now ſo much eſteem'd;

So Frogs by *Frenchmen* are as Dainties ſtew'd,
And what was *Egypt*'s Plague is *France*'s Food.

HOW odd the Fancy, how abſurd the Sight!
To ſee that * HERCULES, who in one Night
Full-fifty Dames in heat of Blood contented,,
Now by a ſapleſs Gelding repreſented;
With greater Juſtice from the *Lydian* Queen,
Since dwindled from a Man he learn'd to ſpin.

FOR loftier Lays, and nobler Chiefs than theſe,
Th' ingenious † Builder rais'd his Edifice;
The Architect, whoſe every Work proclaims
The TERENCE and VITRUVIUS of his Times;
The Builder— but a nobler Structure's Praiſe,
A nobler Architect commands my Lays,
A Princeſs, who by righteous Arms abroad,
At home by fifty Temples rais'd to God,

---

* *A New Opera ſo call'd.* † Vanbrugh *Builder of the* Hay-market *Playhouſe.*

At once the *French* and *Stygian* Tyrant braves,
At once the Christian and the Subject saves.
ILUS his Niggard Son to raise his *Troy*,
The Gods and great ALCIDES did employ;
That done, ungrateful grew, nor would defray
His Hero and the hireling Pow'rs their Pay;
But our more pious Princess, who no less
From *Heaven* and MARLBRO' has deriv'd Success,
By giving *Bleinheim* and these Piles, has giv'n
Their just Rewards t' her HERCULES and Heav'n.



FINIS.

To Mr. STEELE.

LONG did the Sacred Gown in vain entice,
Long the Laws menac'd us in vain from Vice,
Triumph'd She ſtill, and rev'ling o'er the Town,
The Laws evaded, and deſpis'd the Gown;
Till thou the MENTOR of our *Brittiſh* Youth,
Arm'd with Polite inſinuating Truth,
Didſt riſe againſt her; She, all wounded o'er,
All bleeding freſh from BICKERSTAFF before,
Saw thee preparing for a ſecond Fight,
Knew her own Strength, and ſcowl'd malign, and
ſped her Flight.
AGAIN ſhe trembles, and the World again
Stands her Attacks protected by thy Pen.
Thou great induſtrious Genius, O look down,
Permit me follow thee without a Frown;

To Mr. STEELE.

Permit me, chaunting thus in lowly Lays
Th'Almighty's Vengeance, and th'Almighty's Praise
Since Vice declines thy Arms with conſcious Fear,
To vex the flying Fiend, and gall her in her Rear.

SO chance it in Romantick Tale, a Knight
By dint of Valour has in ſingle Fight
Some Giant of enormous Stature kill'd;
The Dwarfiſh Squire exultant ſees him fell'd,
And fleſhes proud, before his ſmiling Lord,
Deep in the Monſter's Breaſt his Bodkin Sword.

LONG may the Town by thy Inſtructions thrive,
May the feign'd NESTOR long as NESTOR live.
To Thee my Muſe her firſt Performance pays;
O ſmile on Pious, tho' unartful Lays:
The Muſes ſure may boldly claim thy Ear,
If a Mechanick can deſerve thy Care;
Smile on endeav'ring Youth, to Thee my Muſe
Not yet of Age to ſtand, her GUARDIAN ſues.

AN

AN

ODE

ON

Divine Vengeance.

I.

TO ſing the Great Avenger's Praiſe,
To ſay when Mercy's long abus'd
What various Penalties his Angels uſe,
Let Conſternation rule my Lays,
And Horror be my Muſe.

And thou, O MICHAEL, thou who firſt didſt crow
Thy Victory with Vengeance and with Pain,
Plunging in Fire full many a Fathom down
The Old original Arch-rebel's Train,
Propitious hear. Howl, howl, you Deeps below;
Howl, howl, you Fiends, aloud and long,
Confirm the dreadful Tale, confirm my Song;
Witneſs in Cries, you miſerable Band,
How heavy 'tis to feel th'Almighty's Hand,
How heavy 'tis to ſuffer endleſs Woe.

II.

AS yet the World was young, when luſtful Flam
And univerſal Sin defil'd the new-born Frame;
Th' incens'd Almighty bids the Flood ariſe,
High on the Waters Deſolation low'rs,
The raging Flood obeys, and laves the Skies,
The Skies aſſiſt the Flood with never-ceaſin
Show'rs:

Loud Thunder bellows o'er the foaming Waves,
Cheer'd at the Thunder's Voice old Ocean raves,
Drives on his Legions with a mighty Sound,
Sweeps o'er the Continent, and burſts the fruitleſs
Mound.
The World is all alarm'd. With wild Affright
Rous'd at the Deluge's Approach, the ſturdy Swains
Forſake their Hamlets, Flocks, and lowly Plains,
To climb the ſpiral Tow'r, or Mountains clouded
Height:
In vain the Tow'rs, or Mountains Height they
climb;
In vain their Arms the ſinewy Swimmers ply,
Their Toil but gains a little little Time;
The ſwift-purſuing Seas advance, the Billows fly,
Men, Mountains, Towers, all beneath the whelm-
ing Whirl-pool lie.

III.

BUT hark! again the Wrath of God
Is up, is rous'd, is ſent abroad;
Now in far other Torrents ſtreams it from the Skies,
To warn the World, the Wicked to chaſtiſe.
O dreadful! dreadful! how the Heavens blaze!
The Thunder's and the Lightning's Store
By Intervals is dealt no more:
The ghaſtly Gleam inceſſant plays,
Inceſſant Thunders roar.
Aloft the delegated Seraphs ride,
And to the deſtin'd Mark the flaming Vengeance guide.
The deſtin'd Mark is *Sodom*'s Tow'rs,
On them the flaming Vengeance pours;
On them and on their impious Friends
The fiery Wreck and ſulph'rous Guſt deſcends.

See o'er their Heads the frowning Seraph meets;
See! all the mighty Ruin boſoms in their Streets.
Woe! woe! to *Sodom*, to *Gomorrha* woe!
Woe to thoſe execrable Seats of licens'd Luſt!
Low lay their Porticoes, their Pillars low,
Confus'd, involv'd in nitrous Duſt.
Woe! woe to *Sodom!* to *Gomorrah* woe!
Woe to thoſe execrable Seats of licens'd Luſt!

IV.

ARE then *Gomorrah*'s lofty Tow'rs o'erthrown?
Seeths the *Dead Sea* with *Sodom*'s penal Fire?
And ſhall Imperious *Babylon* alone
By Tyranny and Guilt aſpire?
† No, no, the Day, the Day draws on,
When *Babylon*, triumphant *Babylon*,

† Iſaiah, *Chapter the* 13th, *Verſe the* 19th, &c.

The

The Scourge of Kingdoms, and the *Chaldee*'s Boaſt.

Her Crowns, her Palaces, her Trophies all,
Shall fall, for ever fall,
Like *Sodom*, like *Gomorrha* loſt.
I ſee ev'n now the Sons of *Iſrael* freed;
I ſee, I ſee the plunder-loving *Mede*
Deaf to the Infant's Scream, and Matron's Moans,
Thro' Streams of Gore, and Storms of Groans,
Ruſh proudly on to lay the City waſte,
I ſee the City deſolate at laſt;
The City's deſolate, the Land accurs'd,
The *Arab* Clan, to Blood and Rapine nurs'd,
Here Conſcience-ſtruck ſhall roam the Region round,
Rather than pitch their Tents on this accurſed Ground.

Far, far from *Babylon*'s devoted Air
The Shepherd-Swain ſhall tend his fleecy Care;
Nought ſhall of Human Race in *Babylon* be ſeen,
Nothing but Reptiles foul, and Birds and Beaſts ob-
ſcene,
Slow thro' the gorgeous Room and marbled Hall,
The bloated Baſilisk ſhall ſlide, the Viper crawl,
The Dragon high ſhall rear his Creſt, and trail
O'er Floors of Cedar his enormous Tail;
Yon gilded Dome ſhall eccho to the Owl,
The Owl ſhall ſcream, the Panther howl,
Loud ſhall the Lion roar, and frightful groan the
Bear,
Where now the Minſtrel glads the Gueſt with mo-
dulated Air.

V.

SUCH was the Face of *Egypt*, when at once,
The cloſing Deep ingulph'd her harnaſs'd Sons,

Tho' cluſtring Carbuncles, and Ulcers ſore,
Tho' tenfold Peſtilence before
Had warn'd him of the God of *Iſrael*'s Pow'r,
Hot in Purſuit, intent upon his Prey.
The madding Tyrant heedleſs of his Way,
With his whole People periſh'd in the partial Sea;
The Waves no longer patient of Divorce,
Ruſh'd to their Fellows with united Force,
Claſp'd in a ſtrong Embrace, and with their wild Career
O'erwhelm'd the Chariot and the Charioteer.
The Southern Deſart then the God of *Iſrael* mov'd,
The Tyger there no longer lay;
Miſſing his uſual Hunters on he rov'd,
And to the lonely City made his Way;
Was nightly in the Streets of *Memphis* ſeen,

Was nightly at the Palace Door
Pawing heard, and heard to roar,
Whilſt trembling for her Babe the Matron wept
within.

VI.

AND is it thou, my Saviour, is it thou,
Whom groaning from the ſhameful Croſs I hear?
And doſt thou, Son of God, and doſt thou bow
Thy ſacred agonizing Head, and feel the piercing
Spear?
For this, *Jeruſalem*, for this be ſure;
For this thy laſt, thy moſt tranſcendent Guilt,
Tho' now thou triumph'ſt in that Guilt ſecure,
Tho' long ago the Blood of Prophets ſpilt
Could but ſome ſhort Captivity procure;)
For this, *Jeruſalem*, for this be ſure,

For this on Thee and thine, unhappy *Jew*,
Vengeance, eternal Vengeance will enſue.
Fly, fly, you Matrons, to the Mountains fly,
CÆSAR draws on, the *Roman* Troops are nigh,
Vain are your Battlements, your Bulwarks vain;
In vain to Heav'n for Help you call,
The Miniſters of Heav'n fill *Sion*'s Plain,
Sion is doom'd, *Jeruſalem* muſt fall.

VII.

ETERNAL, Terrible, Almighty Lord,
The Famine, Plague, and waſteful Sword
Rous'd at thy Call, awake, and wing their way;
Rous'd at thy Call, the Plague with all her fo
Array,
Thirſt, Diſquiet, wrecking Pains,
Fating Boils, and loathſome Blains,

All parch'd her Cheeks, and fiery her Eyes,
Comes ſlowly ſailing from the tainted Skies;
Cities and Nations fall before her Breath,
Gladſome ſhe feaſts the Fates, and gluts inſatiate
Death.
Her deadly Dews conſumptive Famine guides,
A Northern Blaſt the meagre Fiend beſtrides,
A croſs the fruitful Fields her Journey takes,
The Flocks forget to graze, Mankind to feed,
The ſick'ning Harveſt, and the tarniſh'd Mead,
Where'er ſhe flies her baneful Progreſs ſpeaks;
The Famine ſore, and ſore the Plague annoys,
A ſpeedier way the waſteful Sword deſtroys,
The Spear, the Battle-Ax, the bearded Dart,
Are dealt around the Ranks; with thundring Speed
His Faulchion bath'd in Blood, the Champion ſpurs
his Steed,

Whilſt

Whilſt Victory and Death preſide, and keen the
murd'rous Art.

VIII.

BUT oh what Numbers ſhall expreſs, what
Pencil draw
The Shame, the dread Diſtraction, of that Day,
When Hell ſhall fill its rav'nous Maw,
And Vengeance ſurfeit on her helpleſs Prey?
Away, fond Paganiſm, with all thy Tales away,
Nor Furies could inflict, nor MINOS could decree;
Such Pangs ſuch Agonies, as thou,
And all thoſe poor deluded Souls who bow
To Idol Deities, ſhall ſuffer then with thee.
Compar'd with thoſe IXION's Wheel is Reſt,
And hungry TANTALUS ſhall ſeem to feaſt,
The Weight that SISYPHUS was ſaid to roll,
Shall hang with double Burthen on the ſinful Soul;

Yet

t more, to add freſh Vigour to their Woes,
owling in livid Streams, and ſtretch'd on flaming
Beds,
ell's fiery Cope ſhall open o'er their Heads,
nd at one view the Bleſt above diſcloſe,
hat will be then their Thoughts, what then their
Cries?
When the chaſtly-rev'ling Band
arping, moving hand in hand,
t once ſhall torture and delight their Eyes;
hilſt they begirt with everlaſting Chains
roan, weep, and howl, and curſe beneath their
Pains,
nd ever and anon their Arms to Heaven throw,
ruggling in vain to riſe for ever bound below.

PARAPHRASE

On Part of the LXVIII. PSALM.

By Mr. BROOME of St. JOHN's College, *Cambridge*

FROM the bleſt Seats of everlaſting Day
Where lambent Flames on tender Pinions play,
Involv'd in Glory, and array'd in Light,
Deſcend, O God, Terrific to the Fight.
Thy Forms of Horrors, and thy Trains of Woes
Before thy Face, a dreadful Pomp diſcloſe!
With all thy Terrors ruſhing on thy Foes.

They at thy Preſence ſhall diſperſe abroad,
Nor bear the Fury of their angry God:
Swift they ſhall vaniſh, as when Storms ariſe,
The ſcatter'd Smoke before the Tempeſt flies,
Whirl'd from the Ground and whisk'd along the Skies.
But ſtill thy Mercy, Lord, the Righteous crowns,
They bleſs thy Vengeance and enjoy thy Frowns:
To thee they tune their Lyres, and Hymns repeat,
And ſing thee ever Good and ever Great,
Still, ſtill the Lyre, ye Righteous, higher raiſe,
And thro' the Earth and Heavens diffuſe his Praiſe.
He, his bright Glory in thick Darkneſs ſhrouds,
Reins the loud Winds, and rides upon the Clouds,
And ſtretches his Pavillion o'er the Flouds.
He from his holy Seat, propitious hears
The Widows Groans, and views the Orphans Tears;

And tho' he reigns eternally on high,
Above th' Expanſion of the azure Sky,
The Wretches Sorrows, and the Captives Sighs
With kind Acceptance to his Throne ariſe;
He calms the Anguiſh of th' afflictive Pain,
And Piety ne'er breath'd a Vow in vain.

WHEN thou, O God, in terrible Array
Thro' the waſte Wilderneſs didſt hold thy Way;
When the Waves open'd, and when *Iſrael* trod,
The Chambers of the Deep, the Paths of God,
The Rains pour'd downwards with a ruſhing Sound,
And dreadful Earthquakes rock'd the trembling Ground;
All Nature in the dire amaze partook,
And everlaſting Hills affrighted ſhook.

Thou, when the Sultry Sun, and burning Plain,
With Heats outrageous parch'd the thirſty Train,

Didſt

Didſt from the Stony Rock, call forth a Flood,
The Stony Rock confeſs'd the preſent God,
And opening at thy Voice, the ſtreaming Waters flow'd.

When Kings and Nations to the Battle drew,
Thy Voice was heard, and Kings and Nations flew;
Embattled *Iſrael* beheld from far
The flying Armies and their wild Deſpair,
And tho' they conquer'd, only ſaw the War.

BY Tyrants ſcourg'd, forſaken by thy God,
How haſt thou groan'd beneath th' afflictive Rod?
How haſt thou, *Judah*, wept thy rueful Chains,
When none with Pity heard thy mournful Strains,
When all took barb'rous Pleaſures in thy Pains?

Yet ſhalt thou riſe, yet bear imperial Sway,
Nations to thee ſhall kneel, to thee their Tribute pay;

Thus the gay Dove illuſtrious to behold,
Expands the Glories of her plumy Gold;
From the low Earth triumphantly ſhe flies,
Shoots thro' the Clouds, and riſes to the Skies.

WHEN the Almighty ſtood on *Sinai*'s Height,
Roab'd in thick Clouds, and circumambient Night,
Ten Thouſand Thouſand Cherubims appear'd,
His glorious, amiably tremendous Guard!
Myriads of flaming Chariots throng'd around,
The Eternal Wheels ſent forth a hideous Sound,
The Thunder rattled, and the Mountain groan'd.
Then with a Captive Train, the Victor God,
With all the Pomp of Heav'n diſplay'd abroad,
Aſcending to his Throne triumphant rode,
The joyous Heav'ns with Acclamations rung,
And the Spheres danc'd while tuneful Angels ſung.

On the Laſt JUDGMENT and Happineſs of the SAINTS in Heaven.

By N. ROWE, Eſq;

IN that bleſt Day, from ev'ry part the Juſt,
Rais'd from the liquid Deep, or mould'ring Duſt,
The various Products of Time's fruitful Womb,
All of paſt Ages, preſent, and to come,
In full Aſſembly ſhall at once reſort,
And meet within high Heaven's capacious Court:
There famous Names rever'd in Days of old,
Our great Forefathers there we ſhall behold,

From

From whom old STOCKS and ANCESTRY began,
And worthily in long Succeſſion ran;
The Reverend Sires with pleaſure ſhall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous Deed, and many a noble Feat.
There, all thoſe tender Tyes which here below,
Or Kindred, or more ſacred Friendſhip know,
Firm, conſtant, and unchangeable ſhall grow.
Refin'd from Paſſion, and the Dregs of Senſe,
A better, truer, dearer Love from thence,
Its everlaſting Being ſhall commence;
There, like their Days, their Joys ſhall ne'er be done,
No Night ſhall riſe, to ſhade Heav'ns glorious SUN,
But one Eternal HOLY DAY go on.

PSALM the VI. Paraphras'd.

By Mr. SEWELL.

LOrd, when thy fearful Indignation burns,
And all thy Mildneſs into Anger turns,
When Mercy ſleeps a while, and Juſtice wakes,
And Vengeance on the trembling Sinner takes,
O! then, O! then, thy triple Scourge forbear,
Thy DAVID, O! thy guilty DAVID ſpare.
I bend already to the galling Yoke,
Weak is my Body, and my Bones are broke,

My

My fleſhy Fabric, *Lord*, is all unſound,
O! pour thy healing Balm into my Wound;
Uneaſy Thoughts ſit heavy on my Breaſt,
My Soul is with the mighty Load oppreſt,
But, *Lord*, how long wilt thou deny me Reſt?
How long ſhall I unto my *God* complain,
Turn thy redeeming Hand, O! turn again,
I ſink, I ſink into the diſmal Lake,
Save me, O ſave me for thy Mercies ſake.
On this ſide Death thy pitying Ear I crave,
For who remembers thee within the Grave?
Can the mute Tomb its thankful Offerings raiſe,
Or breathleſs Clay grow eloquent, and praiſe?
Repeated Sighs my ſickly Body wear,
And ſtrong Convulſive Groans my Entrails tear,
My Tears perpetual as the Night-Dew fall,
Water my Couch, and waſh my Bed with Gall,

Sorrow has all my Blood, and Spirits drunk,
My Cheeks are faded, and my Eyes are ſunk.
My taunting Enemies around me boaſt,
Deride my former Strength, and Vigour loſt;
But haſte away! ye impious Scorners fly,
The *Lord* in Pity has obſerv'd my Cry,
The *Lord* again his bended Suppliant hears,
Grants his Petition, and receives his Tears:
My ſcornful Foes ſhall tremble at his Name,
And in their ſudden Flight confeſs their Shame.

SOLILOQUY, after Receiving the Holy Sacrament. From Dr. INETT's Meditations.

By Mr. COBB.

WHAT doubtful Joy mix'd with uncommon Pains,
Invades my Soul, and ſhivers in my Veins?
What ſtrange Amazement does the Proſpect give,
That I have feaſted with my God, and live?
When I reflect on that myſterious Love,
Which ranks me with the Saints, and Bleſt above.
When I that Blood have taſted, which began
To guſh in Rivers on offending Man,
And from the ſinful World's Foundation ran.
That God ſhould with a crimſon Stream confirm
Me, wretched Me! poor, undeſerving Worm!
A Prince, a Father does his Wrath forego,
And claſps a Prodigal and Rebel ſo!

An undone Creature by his Mercy wins,
Who Wrongs on Wrongs had heap'd, and Sins on
Sins!
Is Man, good God! of that unvalu'd Price,
To draw from bliſsful Heaven thy pitying Eyes?
Is thus thy Goodneſs fix'd? are any Charms
In Duſt, to merit thy embracing Arms?
Can Aſhes, Miſery, and crumbling Clay
A Title to thy Love, and Bounty lay?
Or can Ingratitude uſurp a Right
To the fair Manſions of eternal Light?
Can ſilly Man, bleſs'd Lord! pretend to quit
The mighty Score, and boundleſs Benefit?
My Lips indeed the ſacred Cup did wet,
But only helps to load th' increaſing Debt.
For this I'll pray, and pay my Vows to Thee,
O Lord, too mindful of forgetting me!

Since his all-healing Hands my Health reſtore,
I'll combat with my Crimes, and ſin no more,
Leſt a worſe Plague afflict me than before.

I'll ſtretch my ſcanty Span, protract my Days
In Songs of Triumph, and in Songs of Praiſe.
And, that no Sins may plunge me in Deſpair,
Shall be my Morning and my Evening Care.
To thee a conſtant Sacrifice of Prayer.

A Life, devoutly ſpent, and free from Guilt,
Makes ſmall Atonement for thy Blood that's ſpilt.
My ſelf I'll conquer, and my waſting Breath
Shall laud the Paſſion of my Saviour's Death.
That I may celebrate thy Holy Feaſt,
And come a worthy and invited Gueſt,
Shall be my early and my lateſt Pain;
May I my Luſts and Appetites reſtrain,
Nor let thy Tears of Blood be ſpent in vain.

FINIS.

The CXIV. PSALM Tranſlated.

By Mr. *WATTS.*

I.

WHEN Iſrael, *freed from* PHARAOH'S *Hand,*
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and Judah *was his Throne.*

II.

Acroſs the Deep their Journey lay,
The Deep divides to make them Way;
The Streams of Jordan *ſaw, and fled*
With backward Current to their Head.

III.

The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not Sinai *on her Baſe could ſtand,*
Conſcious of Sovereign Power at hand.

IV.

What Power cou'd make the Deep divide?
Make Jordan *backward roll his Tide?*
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai *feels?*

V.

Let every Mountain, every Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Iſrael: *See him here;*
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to ſtanding Pools he turns;
Flints ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs their LORD.

To

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Aug.* 1712.

YOU very much promote the Intereſts of Virtue, while you reform the Taſte of a prophane Age, and perſwade us to be entertain'd with *Divine* POEMS. While we are diſtinguiſh'd by ſo many thouſand Humours, and ſplit into ſo many different Sects and Parties, yet Perſons of every Party, Sect and Humour, are fond of conforming their Taſte to yours. You can transfuſe your own Reliſh of a *Poem* into all your Readers, according to their Capacity to receive; and when you recommend the pious Paſſion that reigns in the *Verſe*, we ſeem to feel the Devotion, and grow proud and pleas'd inwardly, that we have Souls capable of reliſhing what the SPECTATOR approves.

Upon reading the Hymns that you have publiſh'd in ſome late Papers, I had a Mind to try whether I could write one. The 114th *Pſalm* appears to me an admirable ODE, and I began to turn it into our Language. As I was deſcribing the Journey of *Iſrael* from *Egypt*, and added the *Divine Preſence* amongſt them, I perceiv'd a Beauty in the *Pſalm* which was entirely New to me, and which I was going to loſe; and that is, that the *Poet* utterly conceals the *Preſence* of GOD in the Beginning of it, and rather lets a poſſeſſive Pronoun go without a Subſtantive, than he will ſo much as mention any thing of Divinity there. Judah *was his Sanctuary, and* Iſrael *his Dominion or Kingdom.* The Reaſon now ſeems evident, and this Conduct neceſſary: for if GOD had appear'd before, there could be no Wonder why the *Mountains* ſhould *leap* and the *Sea* retire; therefore that this Convulſion of Nature may be brought in with due Surprize, his Name is not mention'd till afterward, and then with a very agreeable Turn of Thought GOD is introduced at once in all his Majeſty. This is what I have attempted to imitate in a Tranſlation without Paraphraſe, and to preſerve what I could of the Spirit of the *ſacred Author.*

If the following *Eſſay* be not too incorrigible, beſtowupon it a few Brightenings from your Genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to write no more.

Your daily Admirer and humble Servant, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO HIS

GRACE

THE

Duke of *Marlborough*;

Upon his Going into

GERMANY.

GO, Mighty PRINCE, and thoſe Great Nations ſee,
Which thy Victorious Arms before made Free;

View that Fam'd *Column*, where thy Name engrav'd,
Shall tell their Children who their *Empire* ſav'd.
Point out that *Marble*, where thy Worth is ſhown
To every Grateful Country, but thy Own.
O Cenſure undeſerv'd! Unequal Fate!
Which ſtrove to Leſſen *Him* who made *Her* Great;
Which Pamper'd with Succeſs, and Rich in Fame,
Extoll'd his Conqueſt, but Condemn'd his Name:
But Virtue is a Crime, when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye.

Yet He untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,
Flies from no Danger, but *Domeſtick Jarrs.*
Leaves Buſie Tongues, and Lying Fame behind,
And tries at leaſt in other Climes to find,
Our Rage by Mountains, and by Seas confin'd,
Yet ſmiling at the Dart, which *Envy* ſhakes,
He only fears for *Her*, whom he forſakes;

He grieves to find the Courſe of *Virtue* croſt,
Bluſhing to ſee our Blood no better loſt.
Diſdains in Factious Parties to contend,
And proves in Abſence moſt *Britannia*'s Friend.

So the Great *SCIPIO* of Old, to ſhun
That Glorious Envy, which his Arms had won,
Far from his Dear, Ungrateful *Rome* retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er His Country's Cauſe requir'd,
To ſhine in *Peace* or *War*, and be again Admir'd.

THE OAK AND THE BRIAR.

A TALE.

AT *WOODSTOCK* Park, in Ancient Time
there ſtood
A goodly, aged *Oak*, itſelf a Wood,
Who to the Skies his ſtately Arms diſplay'd,
Fam'd for his Airy Height, and Reverend Shade.

But

But now Old Age, (what will not Age conſume!)
Blaſted the Glory of his Youthful Bloom ;
And He, who once reign'd Monarch of the Field,
Conquer'd by none but Time, is forc'd to yield.
He, who of late look'd o'er the Spacious Plain,
And view'd the Subject Shrubs with juſt Diſdain,
Beneath whoſe Boughs the Cattle ſafely ſtood,
Furniſh'd at once with Shelter, and with Food.
Who to the Farmer paid an annual Due,
As Tribute for the Ground on which he grew.
Now ſees each rude, malicious blight Deface
His former Honours, and departing Grace.
Now the Grey Moſs has marr'd his withering Rind,
And his bald Top's the Sport of every Wind.
Now pointed Blaſts his batter'd Branches gore,
Which not the loudeſt Storm could ſhake before.

An Upſtart *Briar* roſe too near his Side,
Full of his Earth-born Self, and Swoln with Pride;
Which thruſt his prickly Head, in vaunting wiſe,
Aloft in Air, and ſeem'd to threat the Skies:
Whoſe armed Leaves ſweet Smelling Flowers adorn,
And opening Roſes bloſſom on his Thorn.
Hither the Nymphs accuſtom'd to repair,
And gather Garlands for their Golden Hair.
Hither the little Birds would oft retreat,
And Warbling Tunes of Love or Grief repeat.
Linnets and *Nightingales* would hither fly,
With every Feather'd Poet of the Sky.
At this the fooliſh *Briar* conceited grew,
Pleas'd with the Birds who to his Buſhes flew,
And proud of Flowers, which for the Ladies blew.
This puff'd him ſo, that he began to ſcold
At the Good Oak, becauſe the Oak was old.

What doſt thou mean (quoth he) thou brutiſh Block,
The Ground to cumber with thy barren Stock?
No Shadow now thy Leafleſs Head beſtows,
Nor the leaſt Acorn on thy Branches grows.
See how my Flowers are with freſh Beauty ſpread,
Or dy'd in Lilly-white, or Roſy-red.
My lively Leaves are cloath'd in luſty Green,
A Colour worthy of a Maiden Queen.
While thy Waſte, Bulky Body, (which ſo long
The Earth has bore, and groan'd beneath the Wrong)
Almoſt a Carcaſe, and ſcarce half alive,
Would me of all my ſpringing Bloom deprive.
Hid are my Bloſſoms, and beclouded now,
By ſuch a Uſeleſs, Worthleſs Thing as Thou.
The fragant Odours which my Flourets threw,
Sweeter than Spicy Foreſts ever knew,
Are poiſon'd by your mouldy Moſs, and you.

If then you would not my Diſpleaſure prove,
Be gone, Old Trunk, and from this Green remove.

Thus in contemptuous Strain the Bramble ſpoke,
Little reply'd the generous, ſuffering Oak.
But his vile Taunts with as much Courage bore,
As when he fought with Winds and Storms before.
Yet inwardly his Mighty Heart did bleed,
Thus to be ſnubb'd for every glorious Deed,
By a poor Shrub, a deſpicable Weed.

It happen'd once upon a certain Day,
So Fate ordain'd, the Landlord came that Way,
As was his Cuſtom, to Survey his Ground,
And mark his ſtately Trees in Compaſs round;
Which, fit for lopping, would moſt Gain produce,
And furniſh Rafters for the Builder's Uſe:

Soon

Soon as the Briar kenn'd him from afar,
His Spight awaken'd, and reviv'd the War.
His Ancient Quarrel he remember'd ſtill,
(For Malice has a Memory for Ill.)

To gain the Patron was his only Aim,
And rouze the dying Embers to a Flame.
For this the ſturdy Oak he thus arraign'd,
And cauſlefly in formal Speech complain'd.
O my Liege Lord, on whom my Life depends,
(And then his ſuppliant, ſneaking Head he bends,)
Ponder, I pray you, my complaining Moan
Of Wrongs, enough to move a very Stone:
Which your poor Vaſſal daily muſt endure,
Unleſs your Goodneſs brings a ſpeedy Cure.
Grief will diſpatch me, if this Oak proceed
To grow ſucceſsful, and none curb his Speed.
If in Felonious Force he thus go on,
I, wretched I, am utterly undone.

The Good Man, wounded with this piteous Plea,
Againſt an Ancient, Serviceable Tree,
Stood mute, and wonder'd what the Plaintiff meant;
But griev'd, and found his eaſie Heart relent.
For Pity's credulous, and the Diſtreſt
Soon gain th' Aſcendant on an honeſt Breaſt.
Go on, he cry'd, and in thy Tale proceed:
Then thus began this proud inſulting VVeed;
(As is the Cuſtom of Ambitious Folk,)
His colour'd Crime with painted Words to cloke.

Ah, my Dear Sovereign Lord, whoſe Favours fall
On every Plant, the Humble and the Tall,
Do not poor I, thy own Plantation, ſtand
As well as Oaks, the Monſters of thy Land?
I furniſh Bloſſoms in the Vernal Prime,
And Scarlet Berries for the Summer Time;

How comes it then that this declining Oak,
Whoſe Trunk is ſapleſs, and whoſe Arms are broke,
Whoſe naked Branches ſtretching to the Sky,
Should haughtily the flow'ring Briar defy?
Who darkens with his Shade my lovely Light,
And robs me of the Sun's refreſhing Sight.
Oft from my VVounds the Blood is ſeen to ſlide,
His wither'd Boughs ſo beat my tender Side.
His hoary Locks on my freſh Flourets caſt,
Before their Time, my Honours have defac'd.
For cruel Wrongs, and Outrages like theſe,
I only beg your Goodneſs would appeaſe
The ranc'rous Rigour of his potent Spight,
Refrain his Rage, and do your Vaſſal Right.
To whom, unleſs your Patronage is juſt,
His Beauties ſoon will moulder in the Duſt.
At this with worthy Indignation ſtruck,
Th' undaunted Oak his lofty Branches ſhook,

Prepar'd an Anſwer, and to clear at large
His Honour from his Adverſary's Charge.
But his foul Tongue us'd poorly to inform,
Had in the Landlord rais'd ſo high a Storm;
So much this Worm had wriggled in his Ear,
The Landlord could not, or He would not, hear,
But Home he haſted in a furious Heat,
Did Vows of Vengeance to himſelf repeat.
He bent the harmful Hatchet in his Hand,
(Ah, that the Hatchet ſhould ſo ready ſtand!)
Impatient, to the Park alone he ſpeeds,
(For little is the Help which Miſchief needs.)
His ſilent Malice on the Tree to wreak,
For very Anger would not let him ſpeak.
Then to the Root he bent his ſturdy Stroak,
And gaſh'd with many a Wound the injur'd Oak.
The Ax recoil'd, as if th' unwilling Steel,
Relented at each Blow which made him reel.

Whether the conſcious Iron was afraid,
And to his good Old Age juſt Reverence paid;
For it had been a very Ancient Tree,
Sacred of Old, with many a Myſtery.
Croſt was it often by the Prieſtly Crew,
And hallow'd oft with Holy-water Dew.
But Prieſts in vain their Holy-water ſpent,
In vain to Heav'n their Prayers and Bleſſings ſent.
Old Age will come, and with it ſure Decay;
And what can drive the Dart of Fate away?
The Good Man labour'd at each hearty Blow:
The wounded Oak ſigh'd at his Overthrow.
The Steel had pierc'd his Pith, and Truth to tell,
He gave a piteous Groan, and down he fell;
His wond'rous Weight made all the Park to quake,
The Ground ſhrunk under him, and ſeem'd to ſhake;
Proſtrate he lyes upon his Native Earth,
Pitied by none but thoſe who knew his Worth.

Now Reigns the Bramble, like a Lord, alone,
Puff'd up with Pride, and like a Bladder blown.
Pert as a Pye, and as a Peacock gay,
And pleaſant as the merry Month of *May*.
But Grief ſucceeding, ſudden Mirth deſtroys,
And treads upon the Heels of haſty Joys.
Now Winter draws her ſtormy Legions forth,
And Bluſtering *Boreas* rages from the *North*.
By theſe the ſolitary Briar is torn,
Naked, abandon'd, helpleſs and forlorn.
In vain he ſeeks for ſome protecting Shade,
Dead is that Tree, to whom he flew for Aid.
Now he repents his fooliſh Pride too late,
And pities the good Oak's unworthy Fate:
The biting Froſt nips all his Branches dead,
And ſhowry Rains weigh down his feeble Head.

The heaped Snow now burdens him ſo ſore,
His Strength is loſt, and he can riſe no more.
But proſtrate laid, is trampled in the Dirt
By brouzing Cattle, and ſeverely hurt.
For ſcorning reverend Age, this Fall he found,
Unpitied, ſpurn'd, and grov'ling on the Ground.

So fare the Man, who fed with vain Deſires,
By others Ruin, to be Great aſpires,
And ſuch the Fate of all Ambitious Briars!

INSCRIPTIO

Triumphalis Arcus a LUDOVICO Decimo Quarto in Victoriarum ejus Memoriam nuperrime Erecti.

LUdovicus Magnus,

Cui Omnia (quæ vix ulli Principum) contigêre:

Ortus propè Divinus,

Pares animo corporis dotes,

Coæva Regno Victoria;

Devotissimi Populi,

Integer Fiscus,

Justa

The Inſcription of a Triumphal Arch *lately Erected by the* French *King, in Memory of his Famous Victories; and the Author, (as 'tis reported,) had a Thouſand Pound for his Encouragement.*

LEWIS the Great,
Whom Heav'n has Crown'd in every Brave Deſign,
With Bleſſings ſcarcely known to any State,
Or Royal Favourite of Fate;
A Birth almoſt Divine,
A Body Beauteous as his Mind:
Both fully'd with no vicious Stain,
And Victory coeval with his Reign.
A People of firm Loyalty,
An overflowing Treaſury.

Justa Bella,

Fortuna Constans;

Attritis unà Batavis,

Fractis Germanis,

Domitis Hispanis,

Et repressis Anglis.

Bello toti Europæ vel illato vel ostentato,

Pace; quam voluit, Lege Sancitâ,

Triumphalem Arcum

Imperij Æternitati consulens

Sui Securus erexit.

War founded on the juſteſt Right,
And Fortune conſtant in the Fight;
Batavians worſted in the Field,
And ſturdy *Germans* forc'd to yield,
While haughty *Spain* receives his Law,
And ſtubborn *England*'s kept in Awe.
After all *Europe*, frighted with Alarms,
Had felt the ſingle Terrour of his Arms;
After a Peace deſir'd,
And ratify'd, as he himſelf requir'd,
This *Arch* erected, Witneſs of his Fame,
Which ſhall to future Times proclaim
How He, by adding Empires to his Throne,
Enlarges, and Secures his own.

Pars AVERSA.

LUDOVICUS TYRANNUS,

Nulli Tyrannorum Secundus

Cujus Ortus (nî Fama mendax) ſpurius,

Flagellum Mundi.

Humano Sanguine nunquam ſatiatus.

Cui PAPA & Jeſuitarum cohors

Hyperaſpiſtes Stremui,

Fraudulenti Populi.

Injuſtis Bellis,

Fortunâ ſatìs admirandâ

Pecuniâ, Fraude, Perjurio,

The REVERSE.

LEWIS the Great,
The Firſt of the Tyrannic Sons of Earth,
And (if Report does rightly urge)
Of Spurious Birth,
The World's Imperial Scourge,
Who drawing out a Crimſon Flood,
Ne'er quench'd his Thirſt of Human Blood:
While Popiſh, Jeſuitic Art,
With Strenuous Fraud maintain his Part,
The helpleſs Subject quite undone,
And War unjuſtly carry'd on.
(Fortune indeed declaring on his Side)
By Bribery,
Deceit and Perjury.

Ad Summum fastigium evectus:

Batavis,

Germanis,

Hispanis,

Territis, vel attritis,

Intactis Anglis,

At Aureâ manu penè sopitis

Bello (satis pro Imperio) minitato,

Factâq; Pace Punicâ,

Triumphalem Arcum

Crudelitatis suæ monumentum

Præfrictâ fronte,

Et obdurato animo

Nec Deum timens, nec Hominem,

Superbificè erexit.

Advanc'd to the ſtupendous Pinnacle of Pride,
Holland, *Germany* and *Spain*,
Not baffled, *only* terrify'd;
England attempted, but in vain,
Tho' almoſt lull'd with Golden Dreams of Gain:
After a threatned *War* and *Punic Peace*,
He this Triumphal Arch did raiſe,
The Witneſs of his own Diſgrace,
Perpetual Mouument of Shame,
Which ſhall to future Times Proclaim
With what audacious Brow, and Iron Hand,
He proudly God defy'd, and ravag'd every Land.

On Burning the

Bishop of St *Asaph's* PREFACE

TO HIS

Four SERMONS.

NO! Sacred Pages, never more repine,
Tho' Sacrific'd to *Faction*, and Design.
Thy Votaries by this more strong become,
Gath'ring fresh Vigour from your *Martyrdom.*
Arabian Spices so dissolv'd by Heat,
Scatter Perfumes around, Divinely sweet.

So thy Profeſſors fell in wicked Days,
Their glorious Lives concluding with a Blaze;
By ſuch a Death wou'd I obtain a Name,
And make my Zeal outſhine my Funeral Flame.
So from the World the *CÆSARS* did retire,
Aſcending to the Gods from Piles of Fire.
So *PTOLEMY*'s fam'd Library did ſhine,
In unlearn'd Flames, no Loſs compar'd to thine.
Sure from your Smoke ſome Miracle muſt riſe,
As when an Angel mounted to the Skies,
And ſanctify'd the Flame in *MANOAH*'s Sacrifice.
Spight of thy adverſe Fate thou ſhalt be read,
Nor die till Principle and Truth be dead.

But O! Expect what the *Three Children* bore,
A Fire that's Seven times hotter than before,
And all that *Tory* Rage can practice more.
Yet *Thou* ſhalt feel no Harm, no Fear diſcloſe,
But, like the *Furnace*, flaſh upon thy *Foes*.

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THE FAVOURITE A SIMILE.

WHEN Boys at *ETON* once a Year,
In Military Pomp appear,
He, who juſt trembled at the Rod,
Treads it a HEROE, talks a GOD,
And in an Inſtant can create
A DOZEN *Officers* of *State*:

His little Legion all aſſail,
Arreſt without Releaſe or Bail:
Each paſſing Traveller muſt halt,
Muſt pay the *Tax*, and eat the *Salt*.
You don't love *Salt*, you ſay—— and ſtorm——
Look o' theſe *Staves*, Sir—— and *Conform*;
But yet this *Sun*, that ſhines ſo bright,
In *ſable* Gown will *ſet* at Night,
And Morn return with *College* Appetite.

Thus the *New* FAVOURITE in his Plumes,
New Manners and *New Airs* aſſumes:
He who before was at your Whiſtle,
Begins to bully, frown, and briſtle;
And to his Band of Hireling *Tartars*,
Gives *Penſions*, *Places*, *Titles*, *Garters*;
His Schemes, his Projects, all muſt be
A Law to *BOB*, his *Grace*, and *Me*:

His Friends ſtand cloſe, and aid his Pow'r;
What, don't you like him?—— to the *Tow'r*.
You ſwear 'tis ſtrange——but let this Fume
In buſie Play itſelf conſume:
See him chagrin at laſt retire
To a *Welch* Farm, and Country Fire;
With this to Comfort Fallen State,
The Time has been when HE *was* Great.



FINIS.

AN ODE TO THE PRETENDER.

Inscrib'd to Mr. LESLEY and Mr. POPE.

1.

ATtend, you Loyal *Britons*, to my Lays,
And thou, *Hereditary Right*, give ear;

Accept, Auſpicious Heroe, this thy Praiſe,
Whether thou chuſeſt *Perkin*'s Name to bear,
Or *Glo'ſter*'s Duke, or James the Third, or dought
(*Chevalier*.
And thou, O Sacred *Rome*, ſublime my Song.
But hold — beware, my Muſe, beware,
Rome! why, our Heroe has renounc'd her long,
Rome ſays herſelf he is no more her Son,
And who can diſbelieve the never-failing Chair?
Why then, you *Romiſh* Saints, begone,
Begone, you Bravoes of the murd'rous Trade,
Coleman, with Fenwick, Faur, the Muſe diſdai
their Aid;
Low may they lye in Death as Life deſpis'd,
Begone, you Saints, whom *Tyburn* canoniz'd.

Yet, *Tyburn*, truſt me, I bewail thy Wrong,
Defrauded of thy Due, the Patron of my Song.
O **Lefley**, thou my Patron, help me to rehearſe
Thy Prince's Praiſes in Immortal Verſe.

And if the Youth's Converſion don't offend,
A while, O **Pope**, thy daring Genius lend.
O could I Tranſubſtantiate my Lays,
And make them thine, to Sing the Heroe's Praiſe,
Aloft I'd Soar, and Celebrate my Theme,
In Lines as ſoft as ſoft * *Loddona*'s Stream.

II.

Be ſtill, thou *Bath*, be ſtill you ſteaming Springs,
And thou, O *Tunbridge*, boaſt no more
The Barren Womb unclos'd, thy fructifying Pow'r,
A greater Wonder ſtill my Story Sings;

* See, *Windſor-Foreſt*, a Poem.

Sw—t Swears by G—d 'tis true, Sach—t

believes,

By help of Conſecrated Smock the Royal Nymph

conceives.

Promis'd a Child when ſhe could bear no more

The Son of *Terah*'s unbelieving Wife,

Laught, ſays the Scripture, from behind the Door.

Nor could be brought to think it for her Life;

But Molly had more Faith, and in the ſelf-ſame Caſe,

Tho' at the Jeſt, except herſelf, all Smil'd,

Put on the Smicket and a ſerious Face,

And for her Faith was ſtreight rewarded with a Child

With ſuch a Child too — but her Pangs begin,

Hark how ſhe weeps, ſhe groans, ſhe cries,

Feign'd as her Pangs, aſſiſt her, Pagan Deities,

Aſſiſt

Aſſiſt her, **Juno**, O aſſiſt her all,
But no — ſhe'as got a ſpeedier Machine,
For ſee, her Pangs are o're, the Warming-pan's
brought in,
And ſhot into the Bed the Babe begins to ſquall.

III.

Nor thou, Auſpicious Prince, nor thou diſdain
The ſervile Caſe of Warming-pan;
An Infant thou in Warming-pan wert held,
And was not **Jove** himſelf by *Corybantine* Braſs con-
ceal'd?
Says Story, **Jove** was ſuckled by a Goat,
But when he march'd into the warring Field,
He ſlew his Nurſe, and ſtript her of her Coat,
And cover'd with the Shag his ample Shield.

Our Prince thus arm'd from *Scotland* ran,
With the ſame Piety St. George's Knight,
Has hammer'd out his Native Warming-pan,
And wears it on his Back, whene're he goes to Fight.
O Princely Prudence! Piety ſincere!
O happy Braſs that gird'ſt the Royal Loins!
The Scales, the Bow, the Sword, let Heaven no longer wear,
Come down from Heaven, come down you meaner Signs,
Mount thou, O Warming-pan, and with a Nobler Light
Glad the refulgent Skies, and beautifie the Night.

IV.

O *Glo'ſter*, *Chevalier*, O James,
O animate the Muſes Flames

With

With the ſame Vigour as thou rann'ſt away
From *Oudenard*, when *Brunſwick* turn'd the Day,
On *Oudenard*'s unlucky Plain.
Let *Brunſwick* boaſt his War-horſe Slain,
Yet *Brunſwick* all in vain gave Thee the Chace,
He loſt his Saddle, thou didſt win the Race.
Let *Brunſwick* boaſt his Faulchion bath'd in Blood,
Call thou to Witneſs every *Gallick* Wood.
Call thou to Witneſs every *Gallick* Plain,
What*Flocks of Wild-fowl that Right Hand has Slain;
Witneſs, thou *Seine*, with what a certain ſlight,
He Interceps the Swallow's mazy Flight;
He takes her as ſhe wavers in the Skim,
Her ſcatter'd Plumes adown thy current Swim.

Oh!

---

* The *Pretender* is reported to be a great Shooter.

Oh! ſhould this dreadful Warriour come to Reign,
Tremble you Partridges on *Windſor*'s Plain,
Fly, fly, you Woodcocks, fly from *Windſor*'s Wood,
You Swallows ſweep no more the Neighb'ring Flood;
Swift to the Mark his deadly Thunder flies,
And ſoon as ſeen the ſpringing Pheaſant dies.

V.

Thee, **Lewis**, Thee, O Hoſpitable King,
The World admires, and the Muſes ſing;
On thee the Penſionary Prince relies,
Look on the Youth, O look with Pity down!
Thou doſt; and thanks to thee with greedy Eyes,
He meditates a Throne, and graſps a Crown.

O **Lewis**, hadſt thou liv'd in Pagan Time,
When Baniſh'd Heaven for a Pious Crime,
The God of Wit came down,
He had not ſought **Admetus'** Houſe,
Nor fed his Hogs, nor fed his Cows;
Phœbus had harbour'd in *Lutetia*'s Town.
The Silver *Seine* to hear his Song,
Reluctantly her ling'ring Folds had ſhov'd along;
Verſailles had ecchoed to his Strains, and *Marly*
Had heard him ſing the *Grand Monarque* and his
Grand Crony H—.

VI.

Hail, **Bacchus**, hail, hail, Son of Thund'ring **Jove**,
Whether in *Nants* thou dwell'ſt or Rich *Champaine*,
Or elſe in *M——n*'s Pumpled Face,

Alight from thy Seat, preſent, and Oh prove
Our Godlike Prince of *St*——*rt*'s Race,
Thou wert Twice Born, yet not a Man
So Blaſphemous or Nice.
Denied thou wert the Thunderer's alone ;
And though our Godlike Heroe was deliver'd Twice
Both from the Womb and Warming-pan,
Sure all muſt grant he is — his Father's Son.
Say why, O Critick, ſay why, Caſuiſt,
Our Prince is not a Prince of Worth;
You ſay a Second Thought is beſt,
Why not a Second Birth ?
Hail then, all hail, O Prince unfeign'd,
In Thee united all the Gifts we ſee
Of all thy Houſe who have before thee reign'd :
The ſteady *A*——*a*'s Conſtancy,

And both the *C*——*s*'s Policy,

And both the *J*——*s*'s Courage ſhine united all in Thee.

VII.

But why, when *Gallia* rears her drooping Head,

Why mourns St *Germains* now the **Peace** is made?

wice The happy **Peace** is made, 'tis true, and they

Muſt Joy indeed, but Joy with vaſt Allay.

The Prince, alas! the Fav'rite Prince departs,

No more his awful Eye-ſhine glads their Hearts;

No more ſhall they behold the Heroe come

Laden with Hares and ſlaughter'd Wild-fowl Home;

Dejected ſee! With many a rueful Groan,

So far **Lorrain** he journeys o're the Plains,

Whilſt *P*——*b* and *Mel*——*d* to relieve his Moan:

d: Aſſure him his next Step is to a Throne;

And bid him truſt in faithful *H*——*s* Pains,

Bid him be Valiant, and diſperſe his Fears,
Bid him rely on *Sc*——*d*'s Mutineers.
Bid him not doubt whilſt **Leſley** pleads his Cauſe,
Whilſt Senſleſs Cudgell'd **Roper** meets Applauſe,
And whilſt his Delegated *Sk* — *n* Slights the Laws.

VIII.

You mighty Pow'rs, what Nymph ſo Bright,
Her Nation's Glory, and her Sex's Pride,
Shall climb to ſuch an envied Height,
As to be crown'd the Peerleſs Prince's Bride;
Dread Youth, once more thy Courage prove,
And venture on a frightful but a friendly Dame,
One that will glow with double Flame
Of Brandy, and of Love.

Should *M*——*m* loſe her Husband, in his Stead
Be grateful, and admit her to thy Princely Bed.
O Equal Match! O more than Happy Pair!
The Heroe Valiant, as the Lady Fair.

Advance, Oh Hymen, Oh advance,
At the Bride's Carbuncles thy Taper light;
Let *B*——*m* and *L*——*n* lead the Dance,
And *B*——*e* and *O*——*d* fuddle out the Night;
With Mirth and Muſick let the Palace ring,
Sing *Io* Perkin, *Io* M——m, ſing.

MORTIMER'

MORTIMER

HIS

FALL.

Advertiſement.

THE Following SCENE *not being very Common, and having in it Something Extraordinary, the Reader may if he pleaſes find it in a Play left Imperfect by* Ben. Johnſon, *called,* MORTIMER His FALL. MORTIMER *is Introduc'd with this* SOLILOQUY.

MORTIMER

HIS

FALL.

MORTIMER.

THis Riſe is made, yet! and we now ſtand rank't,
To view about us all that were above us!
ought hinders now our Proſpect, all are even,
e walk upon a Level. *Mortimer*
a great Lord of late, and a New Thing!

At what a divers Price do divers Men
Act the ſame Thing! Another might have had
Perhaps the Hurdle, or at leaſt the Ax,
For what I have this Crownet, Robes, and Wax.
There is a Fate that flies with tow'ring Spirits
Home to the Mark, and never checks at Conſcience
Poor plodding Prieſts, and Preaching Friars may ma
Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Iſles
Of Churches ring with that round Word: But we
That draw the ſubtil and more piercing Air,
In that ſublimed Region of Court,
Know all is good we make ſo, and go on,
Secur'd by the Proſperity of our Crimes.
To Day is *Mortimer* made Earl of *March*:
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a Citizen ſtart! Some Politick Tradeſm
Curl with the Caution of a Conſtable!
But I, who am no Common-council-man,
Knew Injuries of that dark Nature done,
Were to be throughly done, and not be left
To Fear of a Revenge. They're light Offences
Which admit that. The great Ones get above it
Man doth not nurſe a deadlier Piece of Folly
To his high Temper, and brave Soul, than that
Of fancying Goodneſs, and a Seal to live by
So differing from Man's Life. As if with Lions,
Beaſts, Tygers, Wolves, and all thoſe Beaſts of P
He would affect to be a Sheep! Can Man
Neglect what is ſo to attain what ſhould be,
As rather he will call on his own Ruin,
Than work t' aſſure his Safety? I ſhould think
When 'mongſt a World of bad none can be good,

(I mean ſo abſolutely good and perfect
As our Religious Confeſſors would have us ;)
It is enough, we do decline the Rumour
Of doing monſtrous Things: And yet if thoſe
Were of Emolument unto our Ends,
Even of thoſe the Wiſeman will make Friends,
For all the Brand, and ſafely do the ill,
As Uſurers rob, or our Phyſicians kill.

F I N I S.

BAUCIS and *PHILEMON.*

Imitated, from the Eighth Book of OVID.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And ſtrole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write;
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their *Tour* in Maſquerade;
Diſguis'd in tatter'd Habits went
To a ſmall Village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the Strolers Canting Strain,
They beg'd from Door to Door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul wou'd let them in.
Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate,
Having thro' all the Village paſs'd,
To a ſmall Cottage came at laſt;
Where dwelt a good Old honeſt Yeoman,
Call'd in the Neighbourhood, PHILEMON.
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his poor Hutt to paſs the Night;

And then the Hoſpitable Sire
Bid *Goody Baucis* mend the Fire ;
While He from out of Chimney took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook ;
And freely from the fatteſt Side.
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd :
Then ſtept aſide to fetch them Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink ;
And ſaw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had toucht a Drop.
The good old Couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd ;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And juſt began to cry ;——What art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle *Pilgrims* ſoon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling and their Errant :
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *Saints*, the Hermits ſaid ;
No Hurt ſhallcome to You, or Yours ;
But, for that Pack of churliſh Boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian Ground,
They and their Houſes ſhall be drown'd :
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your Cottage riſe,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke ; when, fair and ſoft,
The Roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft roſe ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd ſlowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.
The Kettle to the Top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a Joiſt:
But with the Upſide down, to ſhew
It's Inclination for below;
In vain; for a Superior Force
Apply'd at Bottom, ſtops its Courſe,
Doom'd ever in Suſpence to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.
A wooden Jack, which had almoſt
Loſt, by Diſuſe, the Art to Roaſt,
A ſudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new Inteſtine Wheels:
And, what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion ſlow'r:
The Flyer tho't had Leaden Feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick you ſcarce cou'd ſee't;
But ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret Power,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack wou'd not be left alone,
But up againſt the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and ſtill adher'd:
And ſtill its Love to Houſhold Cares
By a ſhrill Voice at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-Maid not to burn
That Roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.
The Groaning Chair began to crawl
Like a huge Snail along the Wall;

There ſtuck aloft, in publick View,
And with ſmall Change, a Pulpit grew.
The Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a leſs Noble Subſtance chang'd,
Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.
The Ballads paſted on the Wall,
Of *Joan* of *France*, and *Engliſh Moll*,
Fair *Roſamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The *Little Children in the Wood*:
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
And high in Order plac'd, deſcribe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.
A Bedſtead of the Antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Anceſtors did uſe,
Was Metamorphos'd into Pews:
Which ſtill their ancient Nature keep;
By lodging Folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The Cottage by ſuch Feats as theſe,
Grown to a Church by juſt Degrees,
The Hermits then deſir'd their Hoſt
To ask for what he fancy'd moſt:
PHILEMON, having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Stile;
Then ſaid; my Houſe is grown ſo fine
Methinks, I ſtill wou'd call it mine:
I'm Old and fain wou'd live at Eaſe,
Make me the *Parſon*, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke, and preſently he feels,
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels;

He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-ſleeve;
His Waſtcoat to a Caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a Sable Hue;
But being Old, continu'd juſt
As Thread-bare and as full of Duſt.
His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*,
Cou'd ſmoke his Pipe, and read the News;
Knew how to preach Old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text.
At Chriſtnings well cou'd act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart;
Wiſh'd Women might have Children faſt,
And thought whoſe *Sow* had *farrow'd* laſt.
Againſt *Diſſenters* wou'd repine,
And ſtood up firm for *Right Divine*.
Found his Head fill'd with many a Syſtem,
But Claſſic Authors——he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſh'd up a Parſon,
Dame *Baucis* next, they play'd their Farce on:
Inſtead of Home-ſpun Coifs were ſeen,
Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen:
Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
Became Black Sattin, Flounc'd with Lace.
Plain *Goody* wou'd no longer down,
'Twas *Madam*, in her Grogram Gown.
PHILEMON was in great Surprize,
And hardly cou'd believe his Eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim,
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus, happy in their Change of Life,
Were ſeveral Years this Man and Wife;

When on a Day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing on old Stories paſt,
They went by chance, amidſt their Talk,
To the Church-yard, to take a Walk;
When BAUCIS haſtily cry'd out;
My Dear, I ſee your Forehead ſprout:
Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me Jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And truly, Yours is budding too——
Nay,——now I cannot ſtir my Foot:
It feels as if 'twere taking Root.——
Deſcription wou'd but tire my Muſe:
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to *Yews.*
Old Goodman DOBSON of the Green
Remembers, He the Trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,
And goes with Folks to ſhew the Sight:
On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Prayer,
He gathers all the Pariſh there;
Points out the Place of either *Yew*;
Here BAUCIS there PHILEMON grew.
Till once, a Parſon of our Town,
To mend his Barn, cut BAUCIS down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other Tree was griev'd:
Grew Scrubby, died a-top, was ſtunted;
So, the next Parſon ſtub'd and burnt it.

TO

Their Excellencies, &c.

The Humble Petition of Frances Harris, *Who must ſtarve, and die a Maid, if it miſcarries.*

Humbly ſheweth,

THat I went to warm my ſelf in Lady *Betty*'s Chamber,
becauſe I was cold,
And I had in a Purſe, ſeven Pound, and four Shillings, and ſix
Pence, beſides Farthings, in Money, and Gold;
So becauſe I had been buying Things for my *Lady* laſt Night,
I was reſolv'd to tell my Money, to ſee if it was right:
Now you muſt know, becauſe my Trunk has a very bad Lock,
Therefore all the Money, I have, which, *God* knows, is a
very ſmall Stock,
I keep in a Pocket ty'd about my Middle, next my Smock.
So when I put up my Purſe, as *God* would have it, my Smock,
was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my Pocket, down it ſlipt:
Then the Bell rung, and I went down Stairs to put my *Lady* to
Bed,
When, *God* knows, I thought my Money was as ſafe as my
Maidenhead.
So when I came up again, I found my Pocket very light,
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my Purſe, *Lord!* I thought I
ſhould have ſunk out-right:
Lord! *Madam*, ſays *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never
worſe;
But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with my Purſe!

Lord

Lord help me, ſaid *Mary*, I never ſtirr'd out of this Place!
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady *Betty*'s Chamber, that's a plain Caſe.
So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm,
However, ſhe ſtole away my Garters, tha t I might do my ſelf no Harm:
So I tumbl'd and toſs'd all Night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever ſet my Eyes together, or ſlept a Wink.
So I was dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the Folks round,
And in a Corner of Mrs. *Duke*'s Box, ty'd in a Rag, the Money was found.
So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a Swearing;
Then Mrs. *Wadgar* came, and ſhe, you know, is thick o' Hearing;
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a Loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my Lord * *Collway*'s Folks are all very ſad,
For my Lord || *Dromedary* comes a *Tueſday* without fail;
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the Buſineſs I ail.
Says *Cary*, ſays he, I have been a Servant this Five and Twenty Years, come Spring,
And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of ſuch a Thing.
Yes, ſays the *Steward*, when I was at my Lady *Shrewsbury*'s,
Such a thing as this happen'd, juſt about the Time of *Goosberries*.
So I went to the Party ſuſpected, and found her full of Grief;
Now you know, of all Things in the World, I hate a Thief:
However, I was reſolv'd to bring the Diſcourſe ſlighly about,
Mrs. *Dukes*, ſaid I, here's an ugly Accident has happen'd out;
'Tis not that I value the Money three Skips of a Louſe;
But the Thing I ſtand upon, is the Credit of the Houſe;
'Tis true, ſeven Pound, and four Shillings, and ſix Pence makes a great Hole in my Wages,
Beſides, as they ſay, Service is no Inheritance in theſe Ages.

Now,

---

* *Gallway.* || *Drogheda.*

Now, Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body underſtands,
That tho' 'tis hard to judge-----Money can't go without Hands.
The *Devil* take me, ſaid ſhe, bleſſing her ſelf, if ever I ſaw't!
So She roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her to naught;
So you know, what could I ſay to her any more,
I e'en left her, and came away as wiſe as I was before.
Well: But then they would have had me gone to the Cunning Man;
No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame Thing, the *Chaplain* will be here anon.
So the *Chaplain* came in; now the Servants ſay, he is my Sweetheart,
Becauſe he's always in my Chamber, and I always take his Part;
So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a *Nativity*, when a Body's plunder'd?
Now, you muſt know, he hates to be call'd *Parſon*, like the *Devil*.
Truly, ſays he, Mrs. *Nab*, it might become you to be more civil:
If your Money begone, as a Learned *Divine* ſays, d'yed ſee,
You are no *Text* for my handling, take that from me:
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.
Lord, ſaid I, don't be angry, I'm ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know, I honour the Cloth, I deſign to be a *Parſon*'s Wife,
I never took one in *Your Coat* for a *Conjurer* in all my Life.
With that, he twiſted his Girdle like a Rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang your ſelf for me, and ſo went away.
Well, I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd; *Lord*, ſaid I, what ſhall I do?
I have loſt my *Money*, and ſhall loſe my *True-Love* too.
Then my *Lord* call'd me; *Harris*, ſaid my *Lord*, don't cry,
I'll give ſomething towards thy Loſs; and ſays my *Lady*, ſo will I,
Oh but, ſaid I, what if after all my Chaplain won't come to?
For that, he ſaid, (an't pleaſe your *Excellencies*) I muſt Petition You.

The Premiſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your *Excellencies* Protection,
And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday*'s Collection:
And over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* Letter,
With an Order for the *Chaplain* aforeſaid; or inſtead of him, a Better:
And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,
Or the *Chaplain*, for 'tis his *Trade*, as in Duty bound, ſhall *Pray*.

TO

Mrs. *Biddy Floyd.*

WHen *Cupid* did his Grandſire *Jove* intreat,
To Form ſome Beauty by a new Receit,
Jove ſent and found far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good Nature, Look ſerene;
From which Ingredients, firſt the dext'rous Boy
Pickt the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy;
The *Graces* from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride;
Theſe *Venus* cleans'd from ev'ry ſpurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt Clay imploy'd;
Then call'd the happy Compoſition, *Floyd*.

THE

THE HISTORY OF

VANBRUGH's Houſe.

WHen Mother *Clud* had roſe from Play,
And call'd to take the Cards away;
Van Saw, but ſeem'd not to regard,
How *Miſs* pickt ev'ry Painted Card,
And Buſie both with Hand and Eye,
Soon Rear'd a Houſe two Story high;
Van's *Genius* without Thought or Lecture,
This hugely turn'd to *Architecture*:
He view'd the Edifice, and ſmil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a Child;
It was ſo perfect in its Kind,
He kept the *Model* in his Mind.
But when he found the Boys at Play,
And Saw 'em dabling in their Clay;
He ſtood behind a Stall to lurk,
And mark the Progreſs of their Work;
With true Delight obſerv'd 'em All
Raking up *Mud* to build a Wall;
The Plan he much admir'd, and took
The *Model* in his Table-Book;

Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a *House* to build;
A *real House*, with *Rooms* and *Stairs*,
Five Times at least as big as Theirs;
Taller than *Miss*'s by two Yards,
Not a sham Thing of Clay, or Cards;
And so he did: For in a while,
He built up such a monstrous Pile,
That no two Chair-men cou'd be found,
Able to lift it from the Ground;
Still at *White-Hall* it stands in View,
Just in the Place where first it grew;
There all the little School-boys run,
Envying to see themselves out-done.
From such deep Rudiments as these,
VAN is become by due Degrees,
For Building Fam'd, and justly reckon'd
At Court, VITRUVIUS the *Second*:
No Wonder, since wise *Authors* show,
That *Best Foundations* must be *Low*;
And now the Duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his *Architect* at *Blenheim*:
But Railery for once apart,
If this Rule holds in every Art;
Or if his GRACE was no more skill'd in
The Art of Batt'ring Walls, than Building,
We might expect to find next Year,
A *Mouse-trap* Man, Cheif Engineer.

FINIS.

To the moſt Learned

The *Greek* Profeſſor

OF THE

Univerſity of *Cambridge.*

SIR,

THESE ODES, *which have already been honour'd with your Approbation, do now approach You Cap in Hand for your Protection; it being natural for any thing which is unable to defend it ſelf,*

where it has met with the former, there to hope at leaſt for the latter. That ſingular Judgment, which has made You Maſter, not only of PINDAR, *but all other polite* Grecian *Writers whatever, and which has lately been rewarded, in ſome ſort, ſuitably to its Merit, will, I doubt not, recommend this Performance to that part of the World which is ſo happy as to know You; and that which is not, will, I hope, allow ſomewhat to the Character of the Tranſlators, who are well known to have perform'd ſo notably in a Matter of much greater difficulty and concern. I am very ſenſible, theſe* ODES *will be liable to the ſuſpicion of being ſpurious, as too light, and unbecoming the Gravity of the Perſons to whom they are aſcrib'd; but your Judgment has encourag'd me to believe, that this will preſently vaniſh, as ſoon as I inform the World, that they were found among ſome other Papers of the late* JOHN HOPKINS, *Alms-man at* Totten-ham-high-croſs. *This poor Man was lineally deſcended from our excellent Tranſlator Mr.* JOHN HOPKINS, *τῦ μακαείτυ, and had ſo much hereditary Candour and Integrity in him, as may juſtly free him from*

from any ſuſpicion of Forgery. I muſt confeſs, I was not a little ſurpriz'd upon the firſt ſight of ſo great Names to a thing of this kind; but then again, I was perfectly ſatisfied as to that point, upon recollecting, that it might eaſily be juſtified by the Examples of many Great Men, who had before them us'd the like Means of unbending their Severity. But what moſt of all inclines me to think theſe Odes *genuine, is, that Mr.* Sternhold *and Mr.* Hopkins *were of opinion, that* David *and* Pindar *were the ſame Perſon; which Conceit of theirs, whether abſurd in it ſelf or no, does yet make it very probable that they had the ſame Tranſlators. What Reaſons thoſe Great Men had for ſo thinking I know not; good ones no doubt: but ſince they were never pleas'd to make the World acquainted with 'em, I hope, Sir, You will oblige the Learned with Yours, by publiſhing Your incomparable Diſcourſe on this ſeeming Paradox. Thus will You give the World a publick Demonſtration, how worthy You are, not only the Profeſſorſhip, but Your Predeceſſor too, who, by his indefatigable Induſtry and equal Judgment, had gone a great way towards*

proving

proving the Identity of SOLOMON *and* HOMER.

BUT alaſs! the Republic of Letters was ſo unhappy as to loſe this prodigious Man, before he had finiſh'd his important Work; and now, Sir, all its Hope reſts on You. You have now a very fair Opportunity of doing immortal Honour to the Memory of HOMER, *by wiping that infamous Blot out of his Eſcotcheon, and proving him to be no Baſtard; but the lawfully begotten Son and Heir of King* DAVID, *or (which is the ſame thing in the* Greek) *King* PINDAR.

INDEED, I have always wonder'd how ſo ſublime a Poet as PINDAR *cou'd be born* Bæotum in terra, craſſoque ſub aere; *and his Poems are ſo ſacred, that I am almoſt perſuaded they could be the Product of no other Country, but the* Holy Land.

AS to the Nature and Genius of their Poems, there is ſo great an Analogy between 'em, that 'tis very likely they had the ſame Author. They are both Lyrick, *and the ſame noble Majeſtick Spirit tri-*

umphs

umphs in 'em both. Their being writ in different Languages is no manner of Objection against this Opinion, unless we will suppose DAVID *to be such a Ninny, as to understand none but his Mother-Tongue.*

ADD to this, that DAVID *and* PINDAR *were both* Shepherds; *and as we most certainly know* DAVID *to have chang'd his* Crook *for a* Scepter, *so, considering the Strength of the other Reasons for the proof of this, 'tis not at all absurd, to conclude that* PINDAR *did so too. In short, I have now no Scruples upon my Mind about this Matter, but what arise from Geography and Chronology; and when you have dispers'd these, I shall most firmly believe, that* PINDAR *and* HOMER *were two Kings of* Israel. *I hope, Sir, it will not be long e'er You publish this Book, which treats upon a Subject of such Importance; and if the rest of the World shall but read it with the same Judgment that you write it, I doubt not but shortly to see the* Iliads *and* Olympicks *received into the* Canon.

FAREWELL, Learned Sir, go on with Success, still remembring, that the sooner

sooner you finish this important Work, the more you will oblige the whole World, and, among the rest,

Your most Profound,

Humble Admirer,

Φιλομηεσπίνδαρος.

THE

First Olympick.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ μὲν ὕδωρ. T. S.

I.

AS *Water* of all Elements
Is ſure the moſt Divine,
And, let Men ſay whate'er they will,
Does far excel your *Wine*:
As *Gold*, like Bonfire in the Night,
Outſhines all other Mettal,
And doth as much eclipſe *Silver*,
As *Silver* doth *Braſs* Kettle:

As of all Stars the Sky among
Old Phæbus is the brighteſt;
Even ſo, of all the *Grecian* Games
Th' *Olympick* is the tighteſt.
For, as when *Sun* begins to riſe,
And ſhew his glorious Head,
Then all the other Watch-light *Stars*
Go twinkling home to Bed;
Juſt ſo, alaſs! if you compare
With the *Olympick* Game,
The *Pythian* or *Nemæan* eke,
They flee before the ſame.
We cannot then pick out a Theme
More great, nor more lofty,
Although on winged *Pegaſus*
To Heaven it ſelf we fly.

For hence has many a famous *Bard*
Made JOVE his noble Song,
And been with blooming Laurels crown'd
The Poets all among.
Nor has it been his ſole Reward
To feed on hungry Bays,
For HIERON's wealthy Houſe beſtows
On Poets more than Praiſe.

II.

THAT HIERON, whoſe Juſtice is
In *Sicily* full known,
Where he with rightful Scepter doth
Protect his peaceful Throne.

Right skilful too in Muſick's Art
He excellently ſings,
To which he playeth upon a
Inſtrument of Ten Strings.
Such Songs he ſings, as plac'd around
Table commodiouſly,
Men o'er their cheerful Cups of Wine
Sing moſt melodiouſly.
Then reach I down my Harp ſtraitway
Strung to the *Dorick* Notes,
And play upon *Pherenicus*,
That never wanted Oats;
That Horſe which oft-times has upon
Fair *Alpheus*'s Bank
Of all the ſwift-footed Racers
Been Fore-horſe in the Rank.

And without either Whip or Spur
Has flew though he were mad,
And made with winged Victory
His Maſter's Heart full glad.

III.

HIS *Syracuſian* Maſter, who
Can ride like any thing,
And therefore he at *Piſa* is
Of Jockeys call'd the King.
For Glory too and high Renown
More worthy there is none
In that ſtout Colony peopl'd
By TANTALUS's Son.

Whom

Whom *Neptune* lov'd ſo heartily,
That when his Father had
Serv'd up at Banquet to the Gods
His carnal Shoulder-blade,
He brought him unto Life again,
Not willing he ſhould die,
And unto him a Shoulder gave
Of poliſh'd Ivory.
Such Stories wonderful indeed
Do mortal Minds ſurprize,
And captive lead 'em from the Truth
To ornamental Lies.

IV.

AND Poetry with likelineſs
Paints over things abſurd,
As I have known a *Yorkſhire* Wag
Smear Honey over T——d.
But be not thus with Show deceiv'd,
Search for the Truth with Fitneſs;
Take time, and there's no doubt but that
You'll find it with a witneſs.
Then let us, as is meet, ſpeak well
Of all the Gods ſublime;
For if it ſhould not prove ſo true,
Yet 'tis a much leſs Crime.

O Son of Tantalus, of Thee
I'll tell the naked Truth,
Quite different from thoſe who did
Bely thee in good ſooth.
When that thy Father did invite
The Gods to * *pious* Feaſt,
Then Neptune ſtole thee quite away,
Hugging thee in his Breaſt.

---

* *Here I cannot forbear taking notice of the Blindneſs of all the old* Scholiaſts, *who unanimouſly aſſert, that this* Feaſt *has the Epithet* Δνομώταλον *given it, becauſe it was made to the Gods in return of an Entertainment which* Tantalus *had received from them; whereas this Epithet was intended to let the World know, that there was no ſuch Crime committed there as was vulgarly reported concerning* Pelops. *And indeed the main Deſign of the Poet in telling this Story ſeems to be no other than this, to vindicate both the Gods (of whom he ſays,* ἐοικὸς ἄνοεὶ φάμᾳ κακὰ) *and* Tantalus; *and therefore in oppoſition to that vulgar Error about* Pelops, *he calls this Feaſt* Ἔργον Δνομώταλον.

T. S.

V.

HE loved thee ſo dearly that
In Chariot of Gold,
He carry'd thee to Heav'n on high,
To JUPITER's Houſhold.
Where thou didſt ſerve the Gods above
With Nectar, mighty Wine,
*Succeeding the fair GANYMEDE
In his Office Divine.
So when thou waſt both gone and loſt,
Kidnapp'd away ſlyly,

---

* *Note here, that for* Δευτέρῳ, *as the printed Editions* ve *it, you muſt read* πρωτέρῳ, *according to an old MS. I* ve *by me; for* Pindar *being very well vers'd in the Pagan* ythology, *is not to be accus'd of ſo palpable a Parachro-* ſm, *as the making* Pelops *more antient than* Gany-ede. T. S.

And thy ſad Mother could not hear
Any Tidings of thee,
Some of the envious Neighbours had
A wicked Story got,
Saying thy Father Tantalus
Had boil'd thee in the Pot;
And for to entertain the Gods
As well as they could wiſh,
Had cut thee into Pieces ſmall,
To make a ſecond Diſh.

VI.

But far be it from me, I ſay
(For ſure it is not good)
To make the Gods ſuch Gluttons, as
To feed on human Blood.

Such wicked Wretches are always
Puniſhed verily,
And feel the Vengeance that is due
Unto their Blaſphemy.

For of all mortal Men on Earth
Honoured by the Gods,
If there was any Difference,
TANTALUS had the odds.
But he unhappy Man! did not
Know his own Happineſs,
And therefore pull'd down on his Head
Moſt foul and ſore Diſtreſs.

VII.

For he a Life does lead in Hell
Of Miſery and Woe,

With Ixion and Tityus,

And Sisyphus alſo.

Becauſe from Jupiter's Table

He ſtole *Ambroſia*,

And to his Pot-Companions gave

The Food of Gods away.

If any Man thus vainly doth

Imagine in his Thought,

To cheat the Gods, who know all things,

He ſurely will be caught.

For this his Father's Treachery

Pelops was from Heaven

Sent down again to live among

The ſhort liv'd Sons of Men.

And when that he a Man to grow,

All blooming, did begin,

And had a Beard of Down ſo black
Around about his Chin;

VIII.

HE then bethought him of a Wife,
And married wou'd be,
Unto the King of *Piſa*'s fair
Daughter HIPPODAME.
Then PELOPS all alone did come
To the Sea-ſhore by Night,
And did invoke the Trident-God
To hear his Pray'r aright.
So NEPTUNE hearing when he call'd,
Roſe up juſt at his Feet,
Whom PELOPS with Obeiſance due
Did thus moſt humbly greet:

If you respect the loving Gifts
Of *Cyprian* Venus dear,
Now render ineffectual
Oenomaus's Spear.
Lend me a Chariot so swift
As may to *Elis* fly,
And to compleat my Happiness
Crown me with Victory.
For thirteen Men who loved her
Oenomaus hath slain,
And killed them, from Marriage
His Daughter to detain.

IX.

Mean and ignoble Souls dare not
Into great Perils run,

No wonder therefore, if faint Heart
Fair Lady never won:
But ſince, that all Men once muſt die,
The Fates above decree,
Why ſhou'd we ſpend a baſe old Age
In dark Obſcurity.
But I this noble Race muſt run
With hazardous Attempt,
To which, O NEPTUNE, grant Succeſs,
And me from Fate exempt.
Thus PELOPS ſpoke, nor were his Words
Blown Vagabond by Eaſt,
Or Weſtern Winds, for NEPTUNE lent
An Ear to his Requeſt.
He gave to him a Chariot
Of pureſt Gold, I ſay,

And

And Horſes ſwift, that gallop wou'd
For ever and for ay.

X.

So he o'ercame Oenomaus,
And got the Maid right out,
From whom ſix Olive Branches ſprung
His Table round about.
But now he is the Ghoſts among
Honour'd with Sacrifice,
Tho' on the Bank of *Alpheus*
His mortal Body lies.
There ſtands his Tomb amidſt the Courſe,
Unto that Altar near,
Where Strangers in th' Olympick-time
To ſacrifice appear.

Here

Here may be ſeen the antient Worth
Of the *Olympick* Game,
In the fam'd Race of PELOPS, who
By Swiftneſs overcame:
Where Honour is contended for
By Fleetneſs of the Feet,
And Strength inſpir'd by Mettal, to
Perform the luſty Heat.
But happy he who bears the Prize,
And Victory obtains,
He now, on Honour's Summit got,
In ſweeteſt Peace remains.

XI.

Nor luſts he now in other Games
New Glories to acquire,

For whatſoever Honour is
In them, in this is higher.
Thus with all Men that is the Good
Which bears the greateſt Sway,
That has for its Reward a Crown
* Which fadeth not away.
But me it does behove, to crown
With my *Æolick* Song,
Hieron, who, by the Racers Law,
The Victory has won.
Nor can I chuſe another Friend
More wiſe, or eke more great,
Whom I with various Poetry
In Hymns may celebrate.

---

* Or Three Half Crowns a Day. *T. S.*

Thy

Thy Guardian God, O HIERON,
Thy Glory does defend,
And unto all thy virtuous Cares
He grants a happy End.

XII.

AND if he does not thee forſake,
I ſhortly hope to praiſe
Thy Victory, more noble ſtill,
In the ſwift Chariot Race.
That ample Matter will afford,
And to my Song give Life,
When I ſhall to *Olympia* come
To ſee the famous Strife.
For unto me the Muſe hath given
That mighty Weapon, Verſe,

Wherewith the Actions of Great Men,
And Valour to rehearſe.
Some Men by others are excell'd
In Dignity and Might,
But you, a King, do not aſpire
To any greater Height.
And may'ſt Thou, during Life, maintain
Sacred thy Kingly Throne;
And I ſuch worthy Victors ſing,
Through Grace for Wiſdom known.

THE

THE

Second Olympick.

Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες ὕμνοι. I. H.

I.

HYMNS governing my Harp
'Gin Melody to make,
What Deity to praiſe
Right Early will ye wake?
And alſo * ye

* Vos, O Calliope. *Virg.*
This is *John Hopkins*'s Quotation
To juſtify his own Tranſlation.

Some

Some Hero ſing,

Or ſome ſuch thing,

TERPSICHORE.

What tho' JOVE *Piſa* claims,

He who the Lion ſlew

Founded th'*Olympick* Race,

Where THERON's Chariot flew.

Sing THERON then,

Whoſe Family all,

Both great and ſmall,

Were beſt of Men.

II.

WHO after Dangers great

Were come and gone and paſt,

In

In pleaſant *Sicily*
Were ſettled at the laſt,
  Where rich and able
They led their Lives
With virtuous Wives
  Moſt comfortable.
O SATURN, RHEA's Son,
Who governeſt in Heaven,
If *Alpheus*'s Streams
To thee have Pleaſure given,
  Keep ſafe, I pray,
To them, and to
Their Heirs alſo
  Th' Eſtate for ay.

III.

In

III.

NOT Father Time himſelf,
Nor all the Men in *London*,
Can make a Thing that once
Is done, for to be undone.
And tho' to Sorrow
We give the Night,
We with delight
Shall ſee to-morrow.
With Troubles manifold
Were Cadmus Daughters vext;
One Day was cloudy, but
The Sun ſhone out the next.
With Int'reſt paid
They had their Grief,

When good Relief,

Came to their Aid.

Poor SEMELE by JOVE

Was burnt indeed to Tinder,

But that MINERVA's Love

Not in the leaſt does hinder.

And eke alſo,

Nor his who wears

About his Ears

The Ivy Bough.

IV.

WITH Goddeſſes ſo green,

Who ſwim in briny Water,

Immortal Life is giv'n

To INACHUS's Daughter;

Yet ſtill this pinches ;

For tell who can,

To mortal Span,

How many Inches.

Indeed no Man does know

The Length of his Life's Thread,

And he who riſes well

May chance go ſick to bed.

There's nothing ſure,

But all things flee,

Strange Sight to ſee!

And can't endure.

V.

ON whom Dame Fortune ſmiles

She's ſure again to frown,

She winds Men up like Clocks,
Only to let 'em down.
The silly Rogues
She does caress,
But sends Distress
To clever Dogs.
Since hopping OEDIPUS
The Oracle fulfill'd,
And for a small Affront
Ill-fated LAIUS kill'd;
The Gods sent Woes
And all the Crew
Of Plagues so blew
To THERON's House.
And OEDIPUS his Sons
Incited by the Furies,
She

Contented will not be

Till each the other buries.

At length both ſlain,

The Folk agree

With Joy to ſee

Another reign.

Thersander then a Youth

Of whom all Towns did ring,

By general Conſent

Was choſen for their King.

From which bold Hero

Aider of Kings

Lineally ſprings

Our noble Thero.

VI.

STRIKE briskly up my Lyre,
And ſing the happy Man,
Who in th' *Olympick* Race
Of all the foremoſt ran.
In *Pythian* too,
He and his Brother
Beat all the other
With much ado.
I'th *Iſthmian* Games likewiſe
He ev'ry body beats,
And bears away the Prize
By Naggs who run twelve Heats;
And he who gets
The Crown, from Fear
Is free, and Care,
And never frets. Riches

Riches with Virtue join'd,
Are a Poſſeſſion good,
They cleanſe the inner Man,
And purify the Blood:
Cares flee before 'em,
Like Stars they ſhine,
So fair and fine,
Gods might adore 'em.
He who this Treaſure has,
Has Senſe enough to know
What Pains the wicked Souls
Endure the Earth below.
And that there is
In Pluto's Den
For ſinful Men
A Rod in Piſs.

VII.

BUT good Men do enjoy
Fine Days and peaceful Nights,
They lead a pleaſant Life,
Brimful of all Delights:
They rowl no Stone
Up heavy Hill,
Nor Sieve do fill
With dol'rous Groan.
But with the Gods they live
In Happineſs and Eaſe,
For being faithful found,
With upright Conſciences:
But Torments ſad,
And all the Woe
Hell can beſtow
Afflicts the Bad.

VIII.

VIII.

WE who can keep our hands
From picking and from ſtealing
And to our Neighbours do
No Wrong by unjuſt Dealing,
Shall mount the Sky,
And live above
In Peace and Love
Moſt joyfully.

Where *Zephirs* fan the Air
And the Embroider'd Ground
Still freſh with new-blown Flow'rs
Diffuſes Sweets around.
Each Grove, each Tree,
Does ſtill invite

To

To freſh Delight,

And none *ſo happy* as we.

IX.

This RHADAMANTHUS gives
Us by his juſt Decrees,
Who's Lord Chief Juſtice of
King SATURN's *Common-Pleas*;
There's CADMUS gone,
And, by th' Entreaties
Of pious THETIS
Her angry Son;
Who wrought the Fate of *Troy*,
When valiant HECTOR He
Had ſlain, and ÆTHIOPS kill'd
AURORA's Son, d' ye ſee.

More cou'd I say,

But to the Wise

Few Words suffice,

To Vulgar, nay.

I hold his Knowledge dear,

T' whom Nature did impart

A Judgment sound and good,

Tho' unimprov'd by Art.

An Eagle's Flight

Does Nature go,

Whilst like the Crow

Art keeps in sight.

X.

Come on my Muse, direct

Thy Arrows to the Man,

For whom this hearty Song
Of Triumph firſt began.
And when you've bent 'um
In your ſtrong Bow,
Quick! let 'em go
To *Agrigentum.*
Swear bloodily my Soul,
That never Man was more
Beneficent than He
This hundred Years and more.
With bounteous Hand
He does diſpenſe
To Men of Senſe
The Fat o'th' Land.
But envious Tongues have dar'd
His Glory to defame,

And

And wickedly reproach
So great and good a Name.
The Noble Giver
For ſending Aid
With Scorn's repaid
By the Receiver.
He who can tell the Stars,
And each ones Order knows,
Or count the num'rous Sands,
Where Number ſcanty grows.
Muſt ſpread abroad
How noble He,
How frank and free,
How great, how good.



FINIS.